

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

NOVEMBER

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Ann
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READ A
REAL
THRILLER!

"LADIES IN
RETIREMENT"

Starring
Linda Lupino,
Louis Hayward

The 10 Most Sensational Women I've Met by ERROL FLYNN
A Crime to Exploit Child Stars? Jane Withers' Mother Tells

ROMANCE!
GAIETY!
MUSIC! COLOR!



Week-End in Havana

IN TECHNICOLOR!

starring
**ALICE
FAYE**
...looking for romance!
•
**JOHN
PAYNE**
...accommodating fellow!
•
**CARMEN
MIRANDA**
...looking for Romero!
•
**CÉSAR
ROMERO**
...looking for an out!



And there's
"that kind" of music!
"THE MAN WITH THE
LOLLYPOP SONG"
"A WEEK-END IN HAVANA"
"TROPICAL MAGIC"
"WHEN I LOVE I LOVE"
"THE NANGO"
"ROMANCE AND RHUMBA"

Cobina Wright, Jr. • George Barbier • Sheldon Leonard
Leonid Kinskey • Chris-Pin Martin • Billy Gilbert

Directed by WALTER LANG • Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON

Original Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware • Music and Lyrics by Mack
Gordon, Harry Warren and James V. Monaco

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



You can be Plain and still be Appealing

LUCKY, LUCKY YOU.. if your Smile is Right!

Let your smile win you admiration. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

BEAUTY editors agree! Beauty specialists give their approval and men from the days of Adam have endorsed with their eyes and sealed with their vows every single word: "Nothing adds more charm to a girl than a *bright, sparkling, appealing smile.*"

Take hope, plain Sue, and take heart. Even if you weren't born to beauty, you can win beauty's rewards. Help your

gums to health and bring out your smile's sparkle. Start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

Play safe! If you ever see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may simply tell you your gums have become sensitive because they need more work—work denied them by today's soft, creamy foods. And like many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean your teeth to a brilliant lustre but, with massage, to help bring new strength and firmness to your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. You'll like its clean, freshening taste. And that invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping your gums to new firmness. Keep your smile your most appealing asset. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company



Because

this romantic story is the

most beloved of our time M-G-M set it to music...

glorified it in brilliant *Technicolor* and now

presents it as one of its greatest productions.



JEANETTE

MacDONALD

BRIAN

AHERNE

IN

Smilin' Through

GENE

with

IAN

RAYMOND HUNTER

A Frank Borzage Production

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
and John Balderston • Based on the
Play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murn

An M-G-M Picture • Directed by Frank
Borzage • Produced by Victor Saville

Miss MacDonald sings
Smilin' Through
Just A Little Love,
A Little Kiss
The Kerry Dance
Drink To Me Only
With Thine Eyes



SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

November, 1941

Vol. XLIV, No. 1

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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We are about to usher in a most usherable morsel. It is called "Smilin' Through", that timeless classic of American theatre annals written dramatically by Janes (Cowl and Murfin) and screenatically by Donald (Ogden Stewart) and John (Balderston).

★ ★ ★ ★

Those who have bathed their eyes in the romance of Mooneyan Clare will be interested to know that in this moon-drenched incarnation, the director, Frank Borzage, has rendered us a musical version.



Starring the incomparable Jeanette MacDonald. And co-starring the logical choice—Brian Aherne as Sir John Carteret.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gene Raymond and Ian Hunter must be emphasized, for they are major curves in a rounded cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the theatre darkens and the traveling curtains part, leaving an after-image of the main title, the strains of "Two Eyes of Blue Come Smilin' Through" pleasantly massage our hearts and a lovely wistful story of honor and chivalry unfolds.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many of us are in love with the spirit of "Smilin' Through". Many more of us will be when we see and hear Jeanette's Mooneyan in perfected Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

There are songs that no one can deny. All of us will react soulfully to Miss MacDonald singing "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Just A Little Love, A Little Kiss".

★ ★ ★ ★

And to the more rousing, gayer melodies that throng through this visit to Nostalgia.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, reducing ourselves to show parlance, "Smilin' Through" has everything.

★ ★ ★

That includes

—Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures



FROM

HOLLYWOOD

HOT

BEING only human, Robert Sterling was naturally nervous the first day working with Garbo. After each take he'd mop his brow and tug at his choking collar. The Culver City Sphinx observed him quietly. Finally she spoke:

"Tell me, Mr. Sterling—how old are you?"

"Wh-why, I'm twenty-four," Bob answered nonchalantly.

"Hum-m-m," Garbo retorted. "How rosy!"

Then she walked away.

BOB TAYLOR is right worried. Barbara Stanwyck can't seem to gain an extra pound. Bob thinks that's the reason why she suffers from many colds. While Barbara stuffs herself with fattening foods, Bob watches over her size thirteen figure like a guardian angel. Not so many years ago, the Stanwyck figure in the fitting room used to send designers screaming among their bolts of chiffons.

WONDER how the Hays office is going to handle this one? They've just written in a strip tease for Ann Sothorn to do in "Panama Hattie." Annie practically strips down to a smile and a charm bracelet—but instead of *actually* doing it she pantomimes the whole thing. She's so terrific doing it, the imagination of the audience will probably require the censorship!

PAT DI CICCIO hasn't been too busy with Gloria Vanderbilt, Jr., to neglect Margaret Lindsay. They see each other twice a week. Maggie is wearing new ten-inch bangs that change her appearance so much, the camera boys asked Pat who she was.

BECAUSE Barbara Hutton dislikes seeing her name in print, Hollywood wags are now referring to her and Cary Grant as, "Cash and Cary."

POPULAR man about Hollywood is Baron Polan. The "Baron" part of it is purely his given name. When a local gossip hound printed that Gail Patrick and Baron were going to be married, Gail's home town paper gave her a banner line. "GAIL PATRICK TO BECOME BARONESS" was the caption.

IDA LUPINO'S worries are over. Because she has worked so steadily in artificial fog, dirty sea water, wind and rain, her hair began falling out in handfuls. A recently discovered vitamin not only has stopped the trouble, but Ida has also gained ten needed pounds. Incidentally, the little Lupino is a faithful member of the volunteer Ambulance Drivers' Corps. Along with stenographers, secretaries and shop girls, she dons her uniform and drills with them regularly.

Helen Gilbert, Katherine Booth and Barbara Britton, above, practically wilted watching MacDonald Carey kiss-testing with Margaret Hayes. Carey's in "Take a Letter, Darling." It tickles us just looking at Bob Hope's Jerry Colonna-like moustache. Bob's doing "that" to Vera Zorina for "Louisiana Purchase."



What's all this about Stirling Hayden deserting the screen for his first love—the sea? We hope it's a false rumor. Stirling, above, with Madeleine Carroll in "Bahama Passage."

DESPITE that weird ostrich-plumed hat, Ginger Rogers was the most dated gal of the week. At Dave Chasen's she started off with a gin rummy session, a steak and Bob Foulk, popular Hollywood dialogue director. The next night it was sandwiches and a coke in a drive-in with Eddie Norris. George Montgomery got dates the next two nights running. Then Jimmy Stewart got in town. When last seen he was frantically dialing Ginger's number from the phone booth in Ciro's.

IT'S being kept very quiet, but they say that M-G-M is grooming Kathryn Grayson's sister. Not only is she prettier, but the sister is supposed to have a better voice than Kathryn's. The studio will probably see to it that a marriage-must-wait clause is inserted in *her* contract!

CHARLES BOYER says:

"I am a man
of many loves!"

CHARLES BOYER tells about his newest
picture, "HOLD BACK THE DAWN."

"I am a man of many loves in 'Hold Back The Dawn'—a sort of international 'heel'—a man who lives by his wits and his way with women . . .

"Frankly, I was worried about playing a role which could be compared to my Pepe le Moko in 'Algiers.' But when *Mitchell Leisen* told me the entire story...how the rogue, Georges, who has known many loves, is at last taught the meaning of true love by the sweet, unsophisticated Emmy . . . then I knew that the role promised to be one of the best I have ever had. I was sure of it when *Mr. Leisen* cast lovely *Olivia de Havilland*



as Emmy . . . and the fiery *Paulette Goddard* to play the role of the dancer who plays such an important part in Georges' life.



"'HOLD BACK THE DAWN' is finished now . . . and I am proud to have had a part in its making, for Paramount feels that this is one of the greatest emotional dramas ever to be put on the screen."

CHARLES BOYER

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • PAULETTE GODDARD

in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with VICTOR FRANCEN • WALTER ABEL • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • From a Story by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Screenland Honor Page

They're calling Red Skelton all kinds of names these days, such as, "Terrific," "Riot," "Excruciating," "Sensation," etc. Imagine that! And now he gets "Honored!" Isn't that the limit?

Such name-calling! We never saw the like. And all because a guy appears in a movie called "Whistling in the Dark," and starts people laughing, and laughing, and laughing. Then a whispering campaign, like the "V," begins. Soon they don't whisper any more; it's shouted right out loud: "Did you see this Red Skelton fellow? Haw-haw-haw! He makes you double up." So you investigate. Such propaganda! And we, the people, are eating it up. This Red riot is getting us all. Look at him! He isn't handsome. He's no Clark Gable when it comes to "pitching woo" with the cinema cuties. Yet Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey leap at each other's throats for the love of him. We give up. All we can do is give Red the run of our Honor Page and let you cheerfully figure out the rest for yourselves.



The innocent bystander, Red Skelton, looks on as Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey, lower left, go to it. Directly above, Ann successfully curing Red of a "blonde fever."



HEADS UP!



HEARTS UP!



THUMBS UP!

Here's the *first* story! Here's the *furious* story! Here's the *screaming* story of the RAF's daredevil Aces in Exile. From every conquered corner of the globe they come—avenging 'angels' sky-writing their heroic history!

If you never climbed a plane 5 miles up . . . then streaked it earthward 500 miles an hour . . . If you never loved and laughed one moment though you were "going up" the next . . . then you can't possibly imagine how exciting a picture this is!

It's the role that zooms Ronnie to the heights of stardom!

RONALD REAGAN

OLYMPE BRADNA • WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • JOAN PERRY
REGINALD DENNY • Directed by LEWIS SEILER

Screen Play by Barry Trivers & Kenneth Gamet • Suggested by a Play by Frank Wead

THEIR COUNTRIES CONQUERED, BUT NOT THEIR COURAGE

INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON

The 'Foreign Legion' of the RAF

WARNER BROS.' THRILLING NEW TRIUMPH!

SCREENLAND



Jacques, of BELGIUM
the never-say-die ace!



Nick, of GREECE
striking back with relentless fury!



Michele, of FRANCE
fighting-mad, fighting for freedom!



Josef, of POLAND
avenging his home 5 miles high!



Olaf, of NORWAY
flying hero of a heroic land!



Jan, the CZECH
settling a score in the sky!

Marjorie Woodworth, lovely Hal Roach star in
"All-American Co-ed"



*What
Lovely
Hair!*

THANKS TO NESTLE SUPERSET

NO need to envy the girl with naturally wavy hair—not when you use Nestle Superset. Work—play—dance—your curls and waves will stay soft and lustrous. No straggling ends or limp, dangling curls to spoil your attractive hair-do.

Nestle Superset is fun to use—dries so amazingly fast—and never, never leaves embarrassing white flakes. There are two Nestle Supersets to choose from. The regular (green) and the new Number 2 which is transparent and extra fast drying. You'll find them both at your beauty counter—in addition to Nestle Colorinse—the nation's leading rinse!

Nestle
SUPERSET
10¢ at all 10¢ stores



FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00 PRIZE

Hats off to the movies! They write better history than do the historians. I ought to know because I've been teaching history a long time.

The accuracy with which the movies portray scenes and characters of the past is absolutely amazing. I have yet to discover a mistake in costume, or dress, or properties of any sort in the many great historical movies of recent years. Every detail of life is revealed with minute attention to such things as stoves, hair-dress, carriages, footwear, furniture, lamps, guns, saddles—or what have you.

This is most remarkable because it means countless hours of research by men trained in this work. Indeed, it is a far better record than that of most historians who make many mistakes in fact.

Yes, I certainly recommend and urge my students to attend every historical movie possible. I find that it makes better students of them. They learn much they could never learn in class—and what's more, they usually find a new thrill in the study of the past.

**ARNOLD BEN WACKER, Professor of
American History, San Antonio, Texas**

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00 PRIZE

Here are my favorite male movie stars and how I would like to spend one day with them:

To jump out of bed and have a swim with Buster Crabbe. Breakfast with Dennis Morgan—that is, if he feels like smiling when he eats. A horseback ride with Robert Taylor—especially after seeing "Billy the Kid." Lunch with Spencer Tracy. A walk after lunch with Bing Crosby, with Bing singing. A thirty-minute talk with George Brent in a romantic place. A ride on a roller-coaster with Bob Hope. Dinner with Tyrone Power. To go dancing with Cesar Romero. A ride home with Clark Gable and a goodnight kiss.

Then, my dear editor, I would be ready for the heart attack I know I would have. If some one would oblige and call Dr. Kildare (Lew Ayres) I would try to live until he arrived so I could be the first patient he ever lost.

M. L. WELLS, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 EACH

Recently I had the pleasure of visiting my husband, a staff sergeant stationed with the National Guard at Fort Lewis,

Washington. It was the first time I had seen him in nearly six months.

I enjoyed every minute of my visit and dreaded the time when I would have to say "So long." (We don't believe in saying "Goodbye.") But the time finally came, so the night before I was to leave we decided to go to a show. The picture happened to be "Caught in the Draft." The crazy escapades of Bob Hope and his two buddies, Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman, kept my husband and me laughing until our sides ached! I almost forgot that it was our last evening together. Right here I'd like to hand Mr. Hope a great big bouquet for making our last evening such a particularly happy one. We laughed for hours afterwards about incidents from the film.

MRS. IONE M. SALLEE, Bakersfield, Calif.

In your last issue of SCREENLAND you asked how we liked Sonja Henie with her streamlined figure. Well, I don't like her. Why did she have to go and spoil her looks? Sonja just isn't the type to be so slender. Her face is broad and when you look down at that slim figure she looks like a freak. Will somebody please tell me why the movie stars like to go around looking like broomsticks? Some of them look like refugees from Europe without enough to eat. We girls out here in Indiana aren't that way. We're pleasingly plump and darn proud of it. And we've really got some good-looking girls out here, too.

I have some more complaints—with a few bouquets. Will somebody please answer these questions?

Who told Don Ameche he could sing?

Will somebody take up a collection to send Herbert Marshall back where he came from?

Is Martha Scott just naturally skinny?

Why don't we see lots more of Robert Taylor, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier?

Are there any more girls at home like Lana Turner? I think she's adorable.

How on earth did Ginger Rogers ever win an Academy Award?

GLORIA STINE, Kokomo, Ind.

It seems to me movie producers must be getting pretty darn hard up for material when they start trying to portray our favorite funny paper characters on the screen. I say "trying to" because you can't tell me there's a man living who can look and act the part of the one and only Dagwood of the *Flondie* series.

And now that they've done all the damage they could there, I hear they're going to begin on *Tillie the Toiler*.

BATTLE OF WORDS

"What's one man's poison is another's meat or drink"—or words to that effect—is an old but familiar saw. We refer to it here because your provocative letters clash in viewpoint. That's our meat—the clashing part—and that, also, is what makes this such an interesting world. We like to see a good fight to the finish! These pages belong exclusively to *you* to say exactly what you please. The subject, need we add, is limited to the movies. So go to it, Fans, and may the best man bring home the bacon! Ten dollars' worth of it for the first prize, \$5.00 for the second prize winning letter, and five of \$1.00 each. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Well, I made the mistake of sitting through one of the *Blondie* pictures but believe me, I'll never be witness to the "murder" of the rôle of lovable, inimitable Mac in the coming *Tillie* pictures!

Yours for keeping funny paper characters where they belong—in the funny papers.

GLADYS PETRIE, Seattle, Wash.

May I please explode? I have just seen a little flopperloo called "Affectionately Yours." And I want to know who is responsible for wasting Merle Oberon's great talent in such fifth rate hokum. Will the guilty party step up and take his punishment like a man?

All right. Now listen, sir. Did you ever see a picture called "Wuthering Heights?" Do you remember that death-bed scene with *Cathy* breaking the audience's as well as *Heathcliffe's* heart? Well, whom do you suppose made *Cathy* come to life on the screen? It was Merle Oberon, of course. And you dare to waste her exquisite beauty and charm in your cheap little comedy!

Never mind, Merle. Here's one adoring fan who will never forget your great performances of the past. And honestly, I can't wait for your newest picture, "Lydia." I just know it's going to be something to sing about.

SERENA MOOR, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I've often wondered if it would be practicable for the motion picture industry to provide "clearing houses" in a few centrally-located cities in the United States where movie-struck youngsters of both sexes could quickly receive necessary tests to determine their fitness for a screen career.

Many of these youngsters could finance themselves for a short testing period nearer their own homes, who could not do so in Hollywood or New York. They could also pay a small fee to cover the actual tests.

My social service work throws me with young girls and boys, and I am frequently asked the best way for them to "get in the movies." Many solemnly believe that youth, a pretty face and figure, are all they need to achieve stardom. Mention of the actual hardships involved, does no good. In fact, nothing seems to discourage them. They want to get in the Movies!

Hollywood might discover new talent through this means. Certainly it would do a real service if such a project could be worked out.

RUTH J. BUTTNER, Indianapolis, Ind.
[Continued on page 13]

Girl meets Boy—Girl wins Boy Girl guards her Charm with Mum!



Keep your Charm your winning asset— prevent underarm odor with Mum!

SOME GIRLS live alone and like it. Others marry their second best choice. But happy Sue nailed the man of her heart's desire and better still, she plans to keep him. Sue knows that personal daintiness is one asset a girl *must* have. And *every day* she guards her charm with Mum.

She knows that even the most refreshing bath can't prevent risk of underarm odor to come. *Mum does*. A quick, daily dab under each arm and you know that your daintiness and charm are secure, all day or all evening long.

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant. You'll like it, too, for—

SPEED—Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

SAFETY—The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric . . . so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today.

CHARM IS WORTH GUARDING . . . PLAY SAFE WITH MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

HOT NEWS about a BIG PICTURE

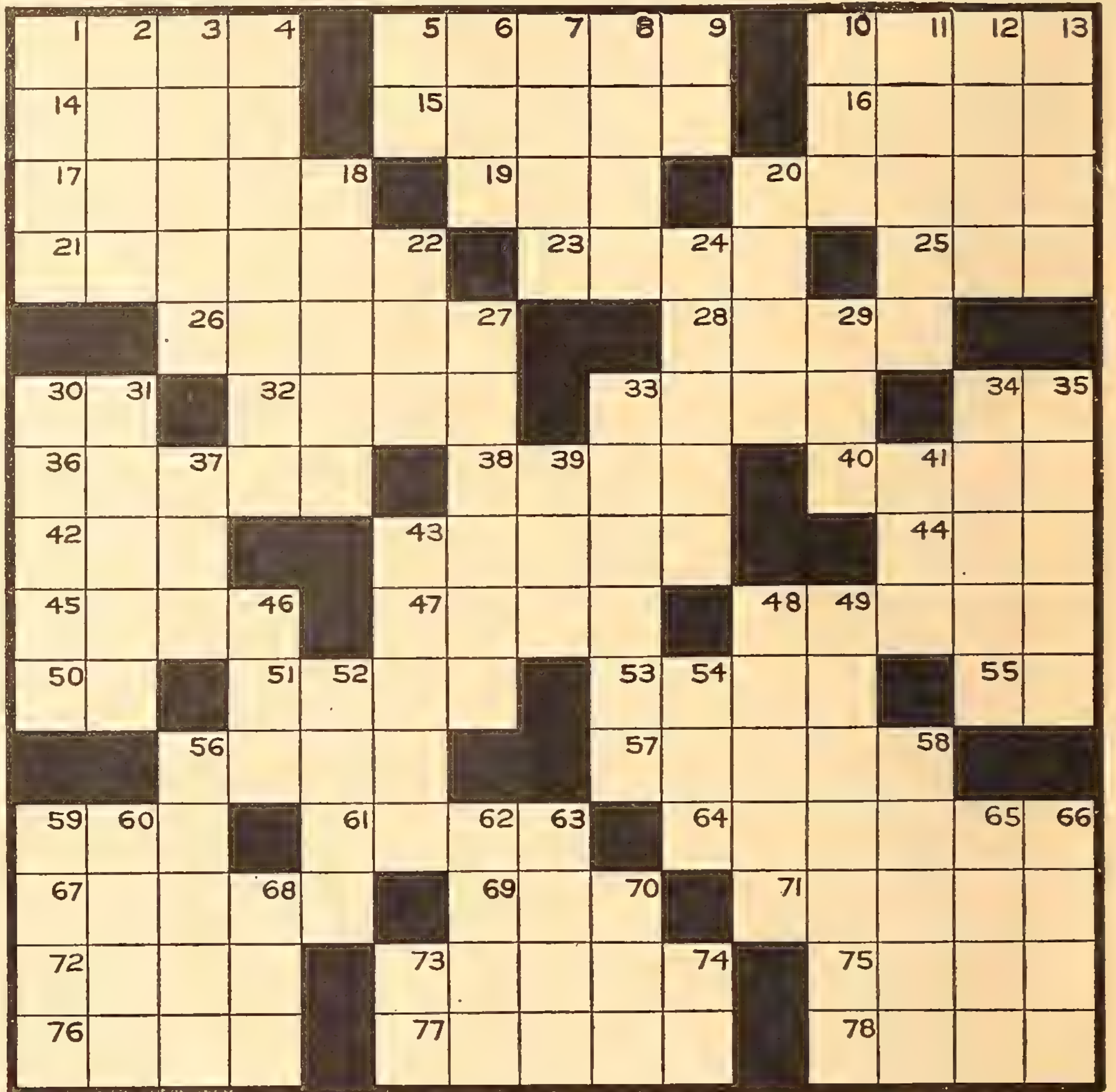
WE'RE flashing you the most **EXCITING** screen **NEWS** of the year! **THE** big surprise **SHOW** of 1941 **IS** "ICE-CAPADES!" **AND** what a **FROZEN** treat **THIS** spectacle is **ON** the screen! A **BRILLIANT** cast **HEADED** by **DAZZLING** **DOROTHY LEWIS**, world-famed **SKATING** star of the **HOTEL St. Regis** show. Plus a **CHARMING** romance with **HEART-THROB JAMES ELLISON** . . . Plus the **SCREAM-lined** antics **OF JERRY COLONNA, VERA VAGUE, ALAN MOWBRAY** and **PHIL SILVERS**. **PLUS**, for the **FIRST** time on **ANY** screen, the **SENSATIONAL** troupe **OF "ICE-CAPADES"** **STARS** including **BELITA** . . . **LOIS DWOSHAK** . . . **MEGAN TAYLOR** . . . **VERA HRUBA** **PLUS** all the other **TRICK** skaters, gliding **DANCERS** and **COMEDIANS** who **HAVE** made this show the howl **OF** the land! It all adds up to the **MOST** entertainment **PACKED** into any hit **IN** many a year! **OF** course, it's



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Co-star, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
5. Ice-skating star, "Sun Valley Serenade"
10. His new one is "Birth of the Blues"
14. Opens (poetic)
15. Constellation
16. Range, scope
17. Articles of men's clothing
19. Greek letter
20. Prickly bush
21. Piece of landed property
23. Stake in poker game
25. Pig's home
26. Bewitching woman
28. Hasty, reckless
30. Since
32. Infrequent
33. She appears in "Unfinished Business"
34. European measure of area
36. Grooved nail
38. Man's name (blind radio pianist)
40. Co-star, "This Woman Is Mine"
42. " - - - Many Girls," a movie
43. Intense pain
44. To bite
45. He's featured in "The Big Boss"
47. A narrow opening
48. A dish to eat on
50. Right (abbrev.)
51. "It's A - - - -," with Deanna Durbin
53. On the ocean
55. Famous "Mammy" singer
56. Brink, lip
57. General Chang, "They Met in Bombay"
59. Co-star, "Kiss The Boys Good-bye"
61. Featured as Vyvian in "New York Town"

64. Alarms
67. Street urchins
69. That girl
71. Man's name (Senator from California)
72. Husband or wife
73. Frighten
75. Notice
76. Winter vehicle
77. Co-star, "Wild Geese Calling"
78. Otherwise

DOWN

1. " - - - - Crazy," with Loy and Powell
2. Imitates
3. Birds' homes
4. His new one is "You'll Never Get Rich"
5. " - - Ends Our Night," a movie
6. Natural mineral
7. Girl's name
8. Co-star, "When Ladies Meet"
9. Article
10. To prevent
11. Emerald Isle natives
12. Tidy
13. "Sergeant York" star
18. What you drink a soda through
20. He's featured in "Doctors Don't Tell"
22. Ever (contraction)
24. Star, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
27. Star of "Sunny"
29. Interior scene for a movie
30. She's featured in "The Great Lie"
31. Co-star, "Belle Starr"
33. Pertaining to teeth
34. Co-star, "Two in a Taxi"
35. To ward off
37. To decay
39. Card game
41. She's featured in "Wild Geese Calling"
43. Fall flower
46. Strange
48. Roost
49. Girl in "Dr. Kildare" series
52. Eons
54. Radio distress signal
56. Growing out
58. Star, "Dive Bomber"
59. Water barriers
60. Verbal
62. Island
63. Famous movie Chinese detective
65. Takes food
66. Pintail duck
68. Piece of furniture to sleep on
70. Make a mistake
73. Exclamation
74. " - - Life With Caroline," starring Ronald Colman

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

FRED	RALPH	SHAW
EASE	ADORE	PORE
ACTED	AMI	JAMES
RYE	RAMBEAU	EAT
RUED	ASIDES	
BE	SWEAR	DIG WE
ERNE	LIDS	TOLER
TRI	SAD	ASH ONA
TOPIC	ABLE	BUDS
EL	TOT	AERIE YE
ASTHER	ENDS	
ERR	COLBERT	HOW
LEIGH	BAA	OHARA
MESA	LORRE	OWEN
SLED	AWASH	ELSE

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 11

HONORABLE MENTION

Recently, while dining at a not too large hotel, my eyes wandered to an attractive looking couple who had just entered. Not overdressed or conspicuous in any way, they passed unnoticed to their table. Was it their charming simplicity and ease of manner that made me continue watching them? No, I didn't think so. There was something familiar about the man. Suddenly it dawned on me. There could be no doubt about it. I was sitting just two tables removed from Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Nolan.

Apparently no one else had recognized them, but I determined to go over and shake hands with one of my screen favorites. I was truly touched by the graciousness with which I was received. Movie stars or no movie stars, they were honest-to-goodness human beings.

ROSEMARIE GAY, Albany, N. Y.

This is to report that the slam against "stout" cowboys, particularly aimed at Gene Autry by Miss Hazel Lewis, has found its mark, and Autry fans around here are boiling with righteous indignation!

We will dispense with the statement of "excessive chins and receding hairlines" by admitting that, yes, several movie cowboys had best go back to the home corral and let some of the youngsters have a chance, but Mr. Autry is certainly not one of these. Having seen him in the flesh is proof enough for us. He may not be a glamor boy, but we're sort of glad he's not. His clean, wholesome type of entertainment is refreshing and worth a lot more to us than any amount of so-called "A" productions.

M. J. DART, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

I think I have a justifiable gripe, and it's against the so-called mind-relieving comedies the producers are piling on our unsuspecting heads these days.

Certainly I like to be amused; I like to laugh uproariously, but when it's at the expense of hitherto respected actresses, no thanks. Referring to those absolutely grotesque films, "The Lady Eve" and "One Night in Lisbon," how supposedly dignified women like Barbara Stanwyck and Madeleine Carroll can make themselves so utterly ridiculous is beyond me. Miss Carroll, particularly, has always impressed me as a highly intelligent actress, but she destroyed all illusions of brain with her senseless, infantile chatter in a pointless story. Ditto for Miss Stanwyck, who together with Henry Fonda, staged an exhibition that wasn't even so much as human.

IRMGARDE MITTLER, Madison, Wis.

When "I Wanted Wings" came to town, I immediately went to see it. The picture was superb but for one thing—Veronica Lake. I will admit that she played her part fine, but her appearance—that was something else again. When I go to a movie I like to see the faces of the people acting. I had to keep my eyes on the screen every second in order to get a peep at her face. All through the picture she kept pushing her hair out of her face so that she could see.

Another thing, I wish she'd put some meat on her bones. She was so thin that every time someone touched her I was afraid she was going to break!

AUDREY HOLMES, Mankato, Minn.



FRED

RITA

ASTAIRE

HAYWORTH

in

*You'll Never
Get Rich*

Songs
by COLE
PORTER

ROBERT BENCHLEY

JOHN HUBBARD • Osa Massen

Original screen play by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano

Produced by Samuel Bischoff • Directed by Sidney Lanfield

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

EX-LAX MOVIES COLD LOGIC



JIM: Gosh, this cold's got me down. I'd better have that prescription filled.

MARY: Yes, and remember, the doctor said to take a laxative if you need one.



JIM: A laxative! You know how I hate to take that awful stuff.

MARY: You won't hate *this*, Jim. It's Ex-Lax! It tastes just like chocolate.



LATER

JIM: Boy, that Ex-Lax sure did the trick! It worked like a charm!

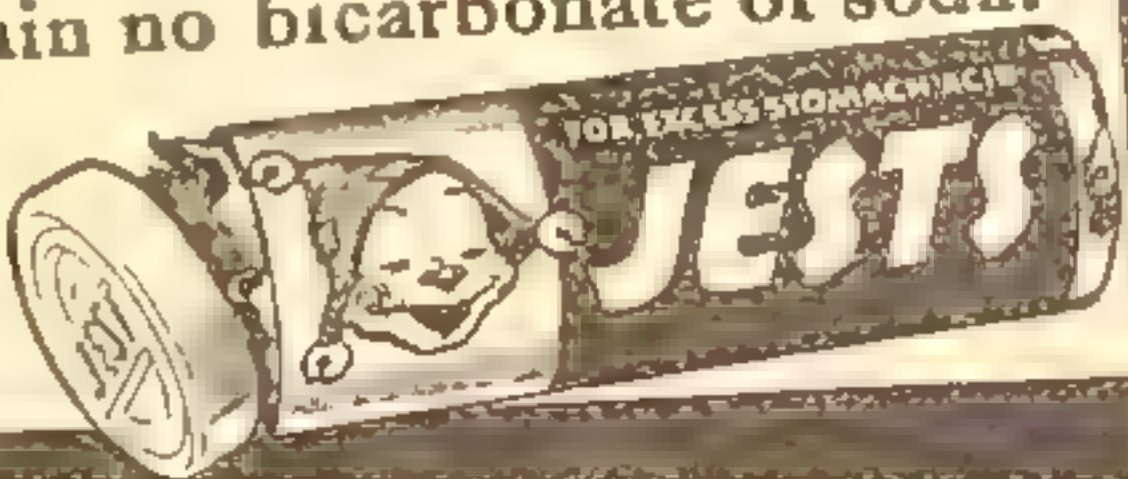
MARY: That's the nice thing about Ex-Lax. It gets results — without upsetting you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right*. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX The Original
Chocolated Laxative

"GAS"? HEARTBURN? For fast, longer relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and other discomforts, due to excess stomach acid, try JESTS! Mint-flavored. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c



Have a

**"POPULAR"
COMPLEXION!**

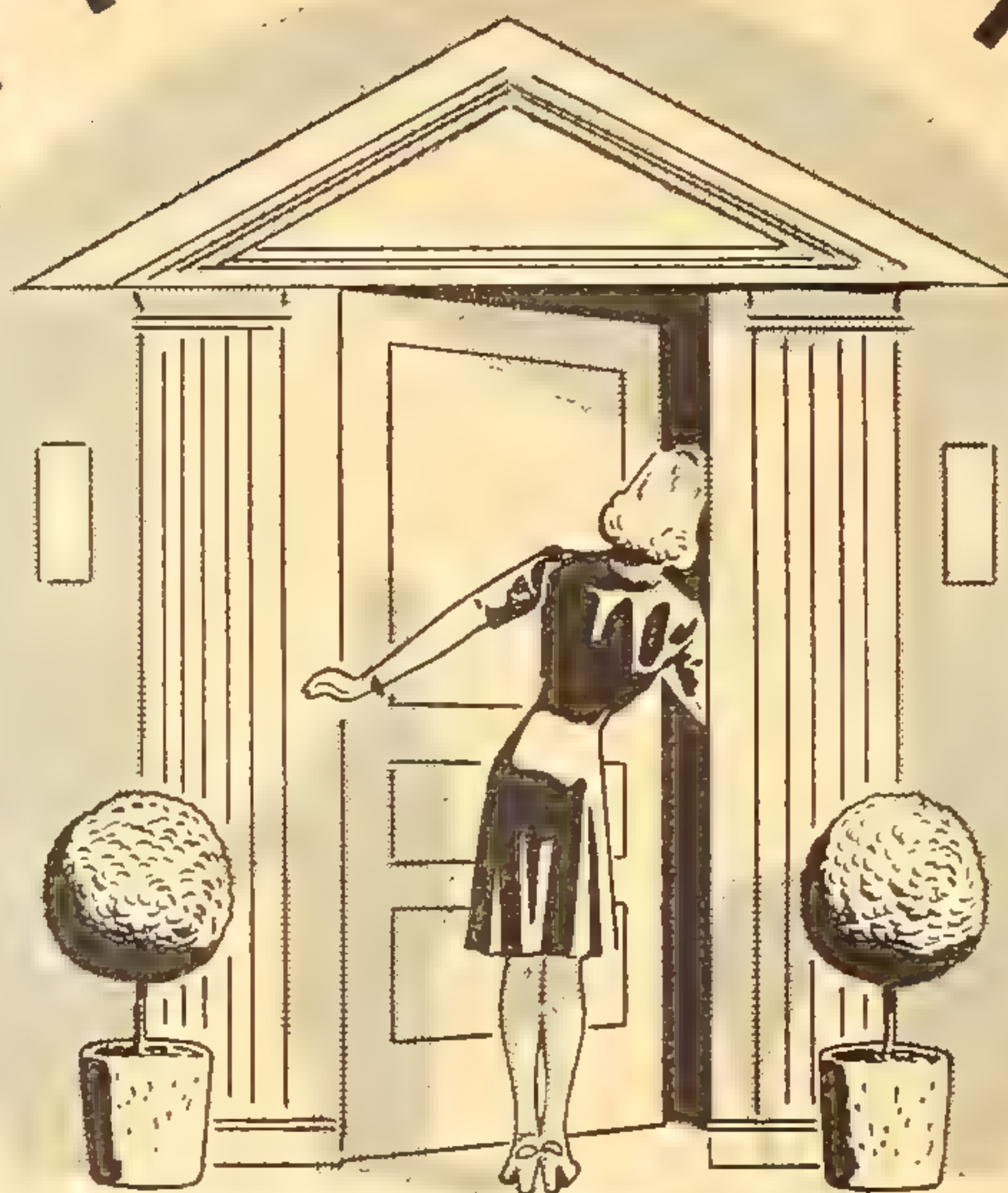
Save heartaches of a bad complexion. Try pleasant, vanishing AKNASOL lotion. Most effective in clearing up ugly surface pimples, blackheads and rashes. Not an ointment. AKNASOL disappears quickly and acts as a grand powder base, working beneath your make-up to make your skin lovely and alluring. Effectiveness proved by recent clinical tests. Send \$1 or order C. O. D. plus postage.

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INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

By
**Betty
Boone**



Your lovely blonde hostess lights the tapers for her beautifully arranged dining table. Here she is poise and dignity personified, but wait until you see her as the mad-cap heroine of "Texas."

Thanksgiving Dinner at Claire Trevor's home is an Occasion. Come along!

IF YOU are invited to the Clarke Andrews' (she is better known as Claire Trevor, shortly to be seen in Columbia Studios' "Texas") for Thanksgiving Day, let me tell you what you'll have to eat.

Menu

Assorted Wafers	Seafood Cocktail	Salad Platter
Asparagus	Turkey	Orange Beets
	Stuffed Potatoes	
	Chocolate Mint Roll	
	Coffee	

Claire has one of the finest cooks in the film colony, and every dish she prepares is



a picture, according to those who have seen a great many. The seafood cocktail is a decorative dish. On a bed of crisp lettuce, slices of perfect avocado are alternated with big pink shrimps dipped in tomato catsup cocktail and served with *Kraft* French dressing. On the salad platter, with

its trim of green leaves, radishes cut into roses fill one section, celery curls another, Heinz assorted sweet pickles in a third, and slices of cranberry jelly in a fourth.

Sometimes Claire prefers a cranberry salad to the sliced jelly, and her cook has the following recipe:



CRANBERRY SALAD

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
 1/4 cup cold water
 1/2 cup hot water
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 1/2 cup celery, chopped
 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
 2 cups strained cranberry sauce
 (If preferred, 1 can strained cranberry sauce)

Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Pour this hot liquid over cran-

berry sauce which has been turned into a bowl; beat with rotary beater until softened to a smooth mass. Turn into refrigerator tray, when it begins to thicken add celery, nuts and salt.

Turn into six individual molds or one

large one and chill. Unmold on lettuce and serve with salad dressing. (Best Foods.)

"The potatoes are baked in their skin," said Claire's cook, "then taken from the shell, whipped up with cream and butter, returned to the shell and topped with paprika."

Her turkey dressing is made with cornmeal instead of bread crumbs and plenty of chopped nut meats are included. Little mounds of the dressing are prepared separately and placed around the bird, alternating with such delicacies as spiced prunes or peaches.

If you've never heard of orange beets, you've missed a lot. Make an orange sauce of brown sugar, a little flour, a piece of butter and 1/4 cup of orange juice; stir until it thickens slightly. Use cooked beets, dice them and put into the hot sauce. The

(Continued on page 75)



HOW 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS MAY WIN

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!



To give you the added beauty of matched makeup—Hudnut offers harmonizing Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick

● Five out of seven women—surveys show—use powder, lipstick and rouge that do not harmonize.

Yet, as you may know, cosmetic authorities now agree color harmony in makeup is the secret of natural loveliness.

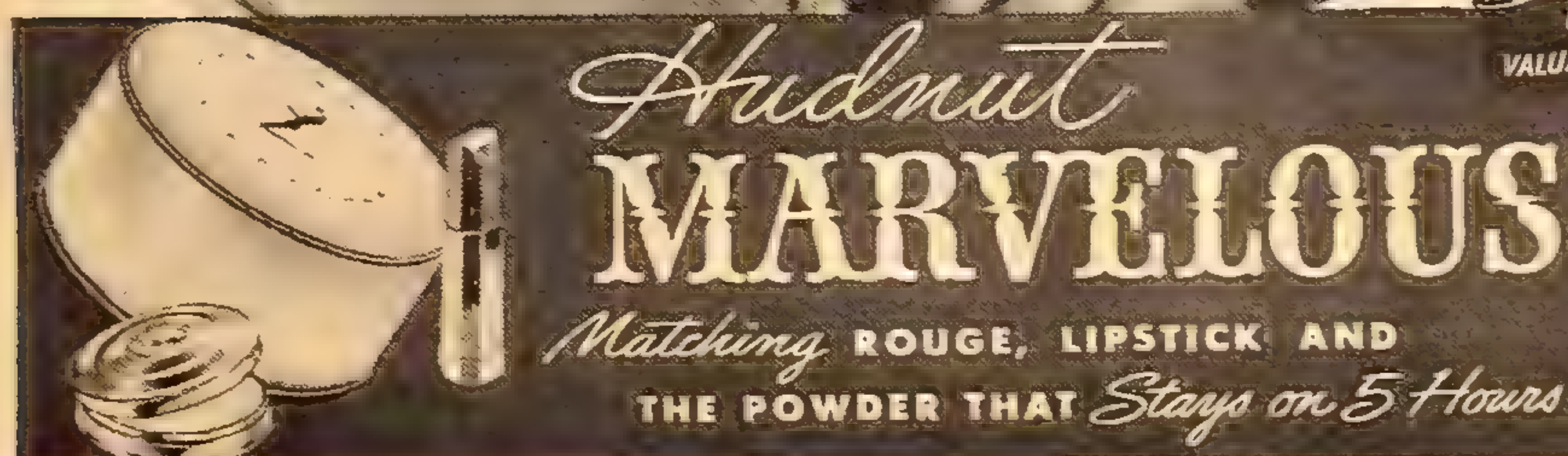
To insure color harmony, Richard Hudnut has developed a new idea in cosmetics—Marvelous Matched Makeup. Powder, Lipstick and Rouge in color-coordinated shades that flatter each other—and you!

A mere three minutes to smooth on this beauty "three-

some" and you'll be thrilled with your instant loveliness!

... Marvelous Powder **CLINGS!** Marvelous Face Powder is fine-textured—gives a delicate, natural finish. And, thanks to two special adhering ingredients, it stays on smoothly up to five full hours ... ingredients so pure they're advised for sensitive skins.

Try Marvelous Powder and for the added beauty of a matched makeup, try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too. In true-to-type shades—one just right for you! At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 55¢ each.



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MARVELOUS
 Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND
 THE POWDER THAT Stays on 5 Hours

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SU-11-41

Please send me metal, purse Makeup Kit containing harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover expense of handling and mailing.

The color of my eyes is _____ hair _____ skin _____

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

(Good only in U. S. A., except where legally prohibited.)

For the Love of Pete
...or Jack or Phil

KEEP YOUR EYES LOVELY!

Brown . . . blue . . . grey eyes . . . whatever their color, they will be lovelier if they are bright and clear.

A drop of Eye-Gene in each eye, and in a few seconds your eyes will be crystal-clear . . . feel soothed and refreshed. For lovelier eyes wash them with this stainless, safe, specialist's formula daily. For sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.



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FREE CATALOG - PINS and RINGS
Class pins, club pins, rings and emblems. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 30c up. Write today for our attractive, free catalog.
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Go modern with the completely different HAMPDEN'S rouge. This wonderful color cream is so easy to use • blends off to nothing • gives a soft, warm color, even in tone like 'nature's blush.' It's the rouge plus!

ROUGE-STICK
hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 5 million sold

Tagging the Talkies



Hold That Ghost—Universal

While Abbott and Costello "Hold That Ghost," you'd better hold your sides—they'll split if you don't. The story's about—gosh, it doesn't seem so funny now that we're ready to put it on paper. Which conclusively proves that where there's an A-C current, plots can go plop. Joan Davis more than holds her own. Richard Carlson and Evelyn Ankers share the love-light. Just remembered: A & C inherit a haunted tavern.



Life Begins for Andy Hardy—M-G-M

Andy Hardy (Mickey Rooney) experiences the three great B's in growing pains: Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered. That takes in a lot of territory, but Andy covers a lot. "Today," shouts Andy, "I am a man," and happily sets out to prove it. The big city almost licks him but Dad (Lewis Stone) and love-lorn Judy Garland rescue him. Pat Dane is a newcomer worth watching. Mickey certainly gives his all to Andy.



Here Comes Mr. Jordan—Columbia

You will thank us for urging you to see "Here Comes Mr. Jordan." It is clever, witty and whimsical. It abounds in good taste and, in an ingenious setting, unreels a ghostly theme but no ghostly chill. Mr. Jordan (Claude Rains) is marvelous as head man in heaven. Robert Montgomery as the pug who "dies" 50 years before his allotted span, is tops. James Gleason was never better. And Evelyn Keyes will captivate you.



Ringside Maisie—M-G-M

Maisie (Ann Sothern) is a lady, has a heart of gold, and is as poor as the proverbial church mouse. However, there's nothing mousie about Maisie. With all these virtues, it's a pity that this latest Maisie film isn't quite funny, quite sad, or quite anything. She comes to word-blows with George Murphy, manager of fighter Robert Sterling, because the former thinks Maisie is a cheap gold-digger. Ann, George and Bob deserve better.

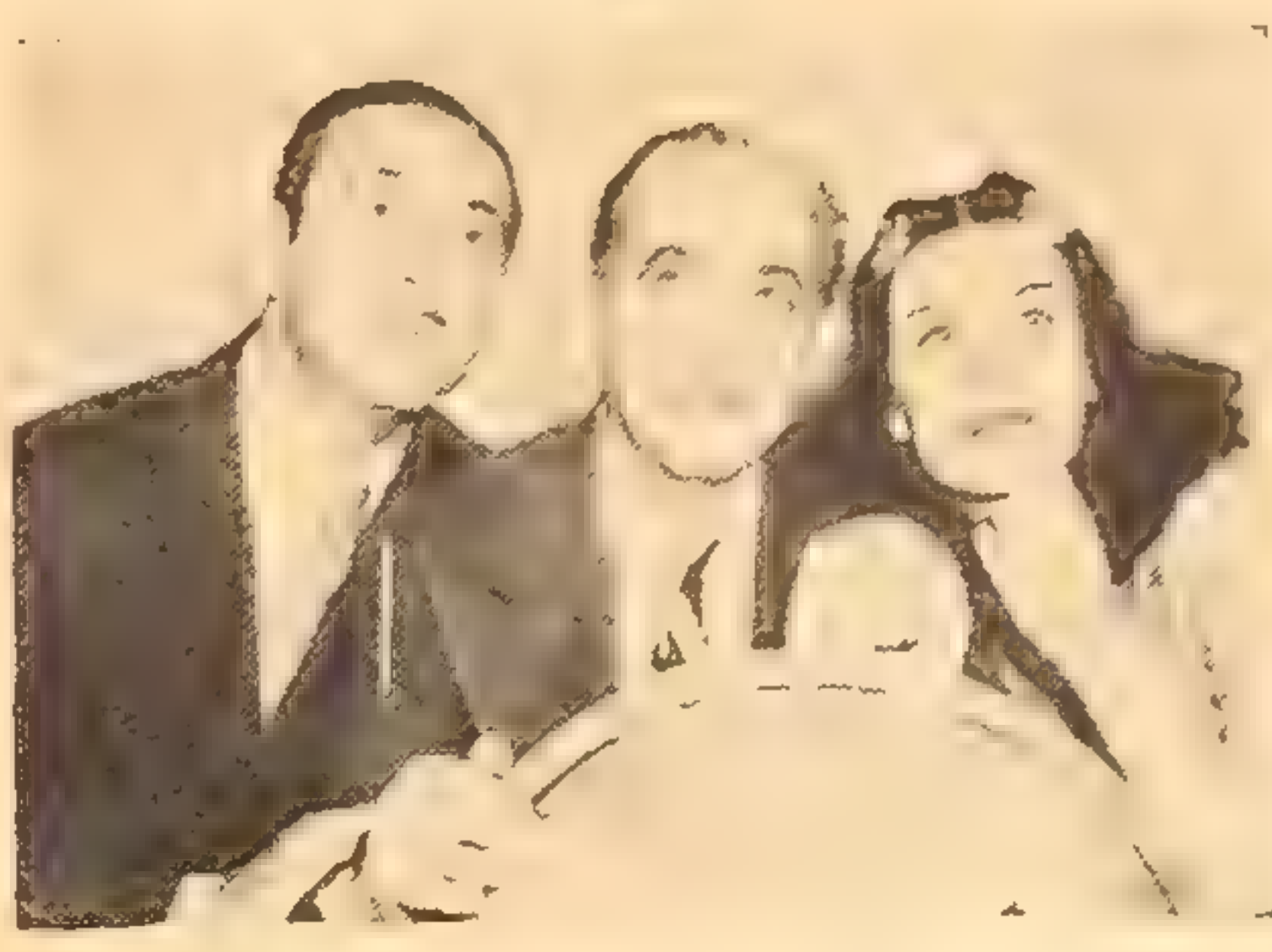


Dive Bomber—Warners

This is a spectacle we advise you not to miss. It is by far the most superior "air epic" produced to date, and a credit to all concerned. This includes cast, lensmen, story tellers, etc. Uncle Sam may also take a bow. Flight surgery is the thrilling subject. Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray and Ralph Bellamy make this an important film. Also, there's Alexis Smith, all done up in glamorous Technicolor. But the boys didn't seem to care.



Whistling in the Dark—M-G-M
Clever Marjorie Wendt, Fans' Forum contributor, suggested managers install straps when showing a Bob Hope film to keep patrons from falling in the aisle. Extra precautions will be needed for a Red Skelton reel. Yes, he's that funny—in fact, he's a one-man panic. Briefly, Skelton is a mystery writer-radio artist. Red, Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey are kidnaped by Conrad Veidt and Company. Fun!



World Premiere—Paramount
As a rule we giggle at the drop of a gag. "World Premiere" dropped the gags but what happened to our giggle? Could it be that we were bored with Mr. John Barrymore's excessive mugging, or the tiresome attempts at forcing fun? Could be. The idea of this was to poke ridicule at premieres. In so doing Sig Rumann and Luis Alberni were dragged in to sabotage a canned film. Corny, we say.



Badlands of Dakota—Universal
If you're not a stickler for facts when true epics of the West are dished out, and can overlook obvious clichés, then this noisy piece will please those whose eardrums are not sensitive. Personally, we prefer plots less obvious and with less boom-boom. Some men drown their sorrows in drink when the little woman pulls a jilt, but not Brod Crawford; he turns robber. Of the cast, Bob Stack is best.



Sunset in Wyoming—Republic
This is a Gene Autry picture (period). The fact that this latest Autry epic is cut from the same story pattern as previous Autry epics, will be of little moment to his staggering fan following. Does Gene save the valley farmers from flood devastation at the risk of his own neck? He does. Handsomely, bravely. He also wins Maris Wrixon away from badman Robert Kent. Maris is worth winning.



Shepherd of the Hills—Paramount
It is not quite clear why the band of moonshiners inhabiting the Ozark Hills, consider themselves hexed. If anything, they are a sullen and superstitious lot, hating everything and everybody. John Wayne carries the burden of the curse and swears he will wipe out same with the blood of the hexer. He refuses to marry Betty Field because she too will become hexed. Harry Carey and Betty are fine.



Bad Men of Missouri—Warner
If you're from Missouri, no doubt the legend of the three Younger brothers is familiar. Here they are depicted as heroes, Robin Hoods who rob the rich to help the poor. In any event, the action is lively—and noisy. Dennis Morgan, Wayne Morris and Arthur Kennedy play the trio with zest. Kennedy, incidentally, closely resembles a rare photo we've seen of Jim Younger. We liked this.

SO MUCH HAPPIER THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS!



Continuous Action For Hours
With Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene

● The young wife who is sure of certain facts can feel happily secure. In feminine hygiene her physical and mental health, her very happiness itself depend on accurate information. Over-strong solutions of acids which endanger her health are a thing of the past.

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty snow-white suppositories kill germs, bacteria instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporary masking—but by destroying odors. Spread a greaseless protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

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FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. 4109-A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

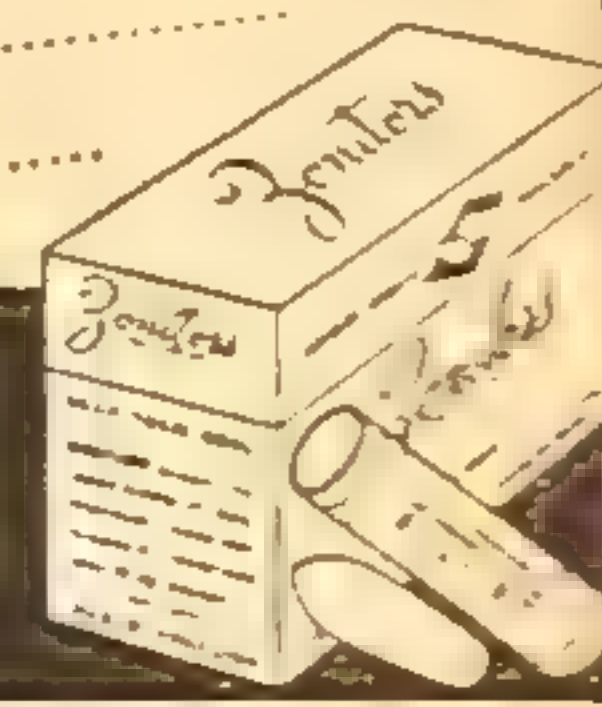
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

HE'S THE DREAM GUY, ALL RIGHT!

(but he walked right out of the dream)



JTS

Saturday

Helen, my pet -

What a houseparty! Wait until I tell you what's happened. That Dream Guy I'm always talking about has come to life! Actually! He just popped up suddenly out of thin air. And of all places - on a Pullman!

I had just got settled for the trip, when I happened to glance up. And there he was - two chairs away - the most bee-u-ti-ful, gorgeous, deep-bronzed male a gal ever yenned for... looking right into my eyes with a sort of I-haven't-eaten-in-three-days look.

His name's Cary Forrester. And he lives up near here. He's the Dream Guy, all right...with spangles! I can't remember very much of anything that we talked about...except that when he said he was going to be on this houseparty, too, I thought, "Fate, you've got a finger in this... and who am I to fight you!"

Got to rush now and get beautiful for a dance tonight. Wish me luck, Hel!

Joan



JTS

Monday

Dear Helen -

I guess maybe I shouldn't have written to you about Cary. Something's happened - he's changed completely.

It happened so suddenly, too. The other night, at the dance, he was wonderful! I don't think he danced with another girl all evening. And once, when Dick Haley cut in, Cary looked as though he wanted to haul poor Dick outside and quietly murder him.

Finally, Cary said to get my wrap because we were skipping out for a drive. We'd hardly started before he wanted to stop and kiss me. So he did. And then, just as suddenly as that, everything changed. He let go of me and just sat there, staring ahead down the road. Pretty soon he said something about it was getting late and we'd better get back.

You can't imagine how different he was. He acted as if I wasn't even there. And he's hardly noticed me since. What could the matter be, Hel? Is it because I let him kiss me? What could it be?

Joan



JTS

Wednesday

Helen -

What did you mean by that note - "See page one of this week's Post"? That's a Listerine advertisement about bad breath. Surely, you're not trying to tell me that mine's that way?

Or are you?

I just can't believe that about me...but then I can't see what else you could possibly have meant.

I hope it's not what you really were hinting at. But, if it is, it's certainly going to be the last time anybody'll ever be able to say a thing like that about me.

Joan



JTS

Friday

Hel, darling -

It's all right! Everything's wonderful, marvelous, gorgeous again! Cary's just the way he was that first day on the train - only even sweeter and kinder and nicer. Gosh what a guy he is!

I nearly die when I think how close I came to losing him. You were right - about that note, I mean. I'm sorry if I was stuffy about it. I couldn't be more grateful now to anybody for anything. Because it was your hint that I use Listerine that made everything all right again between Cary and me.

We're coming home tomorrow. I mean Cary's driving me home tomorrow. He wants to meet you, of course. He says he hopes you won't mind too much having to find a new roommate in the Spring.

Joan



ARE YOU OFFENDING RIGHT NOW?

- The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you, yourself, may not know when you have it. But, don't fool yourself—others do!
- Sometimes, of course, halitosis is systemic. But most cases, say some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation... then overcomes the odors it causes.
- So why not take the easy and delightful precaution which has

become a daily "must" with so many popular and fastidious people? Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, morning and night, and before business and social engagements.

- This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

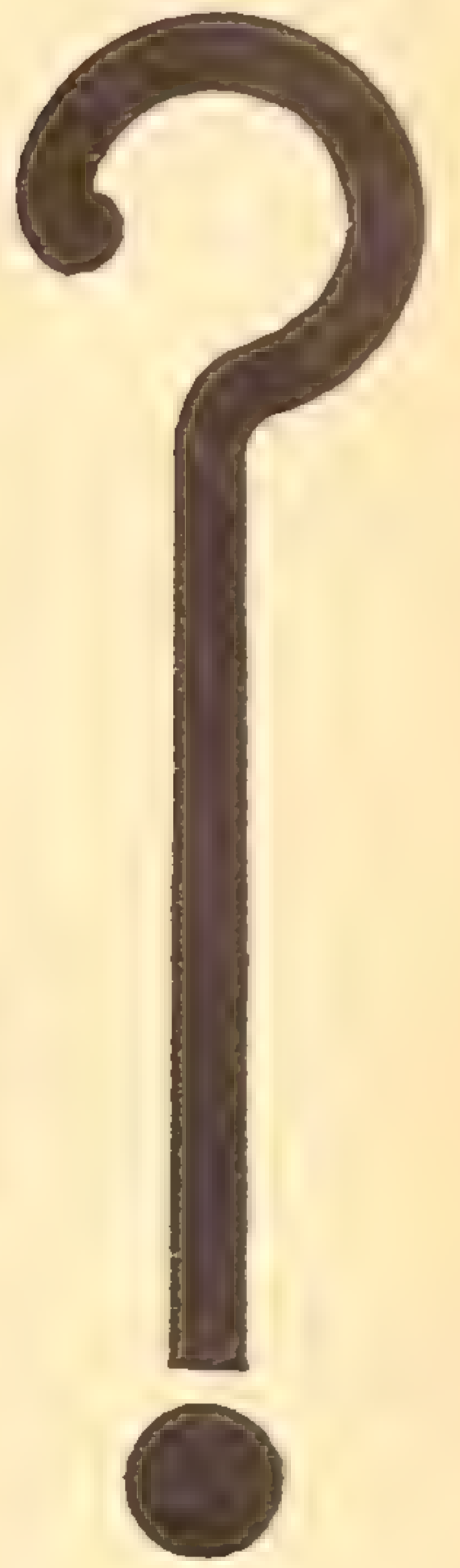
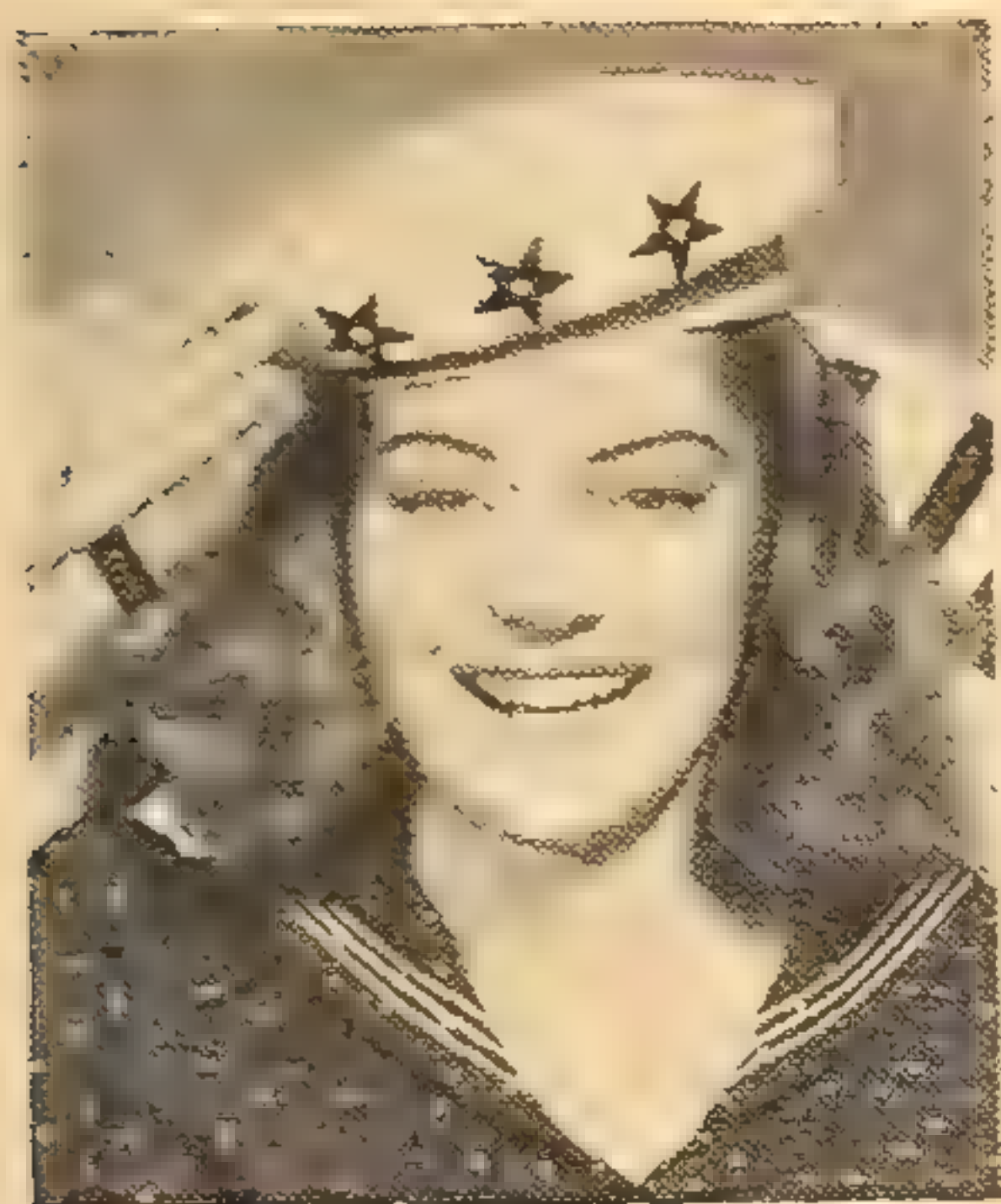
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE for halitosis (bad breath)

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter

to



Do you know her? She's three different girls in one neat package: tawny siren, exotic temptress, and gay American girl. If you don't know her yet, just wait—you will!

DEAR ALEXIS SMITH:

I'm leading with my chin, but I like to do that. I made a little prediction about you before I ever saw you on the screen, and now that "Dive Bomber" has been released, I'm following it up. I said, "Watch Miss Smith," and I said it because I thought your highly photogenic publicity photos revealed more versatility not only of features but of mood than any other "stock girl's" had ever shown before. There were the usual bathing-beauty poses which were different from the regular run of "leg art" because you displayed a dancer's grace and skill. There were those very phony Cleopatra poses one of which appears here—and they looked all the funnier because you were trying so hard to please the photographer who dreamed 'em up. Then there were "straight" portraits which resembled the Tallulah Bankhead of ten years ago without half trying. In other words, here was an apparently green girl, a newcomer in Hollywood, with sufficient sense and ambition to spend her spare time studying, or cooperating with the publicity department, or even practicing new expressions in front of her mirror, instead of concentrating on life at Ciro's. It seemed to show you had Something—that Something that made Joan

Crawford, and Bette Davis, and Barbara Stanwyck willing to work until they were stars, and left a lot of other girls lost in the studio shuffle. So it was no surprise when I received a letter from the very aware Miss Smith, which read in part:

"Being such a newcomer to the screen, I was, to say the least, thrilled to see my picture in your magazine. I was quite overcome, and can't help wondering why I should get such excellent publicity. The stars don't get more than that!"

Of course, I liked that, because as a rule actresses only write in to magazine editors when they want to complain about something—a sour review, an unflattering interview. Oh, yes, Miss Smith, you're on the right track. And fortunately in "Dive Bomber," though you haven't much to do, you do it with poise and distinction. So a 20-year-old from British Columbia, who is already a good dancer and pianist, may very well be a big movie star some day. I hope so—don't let me down.

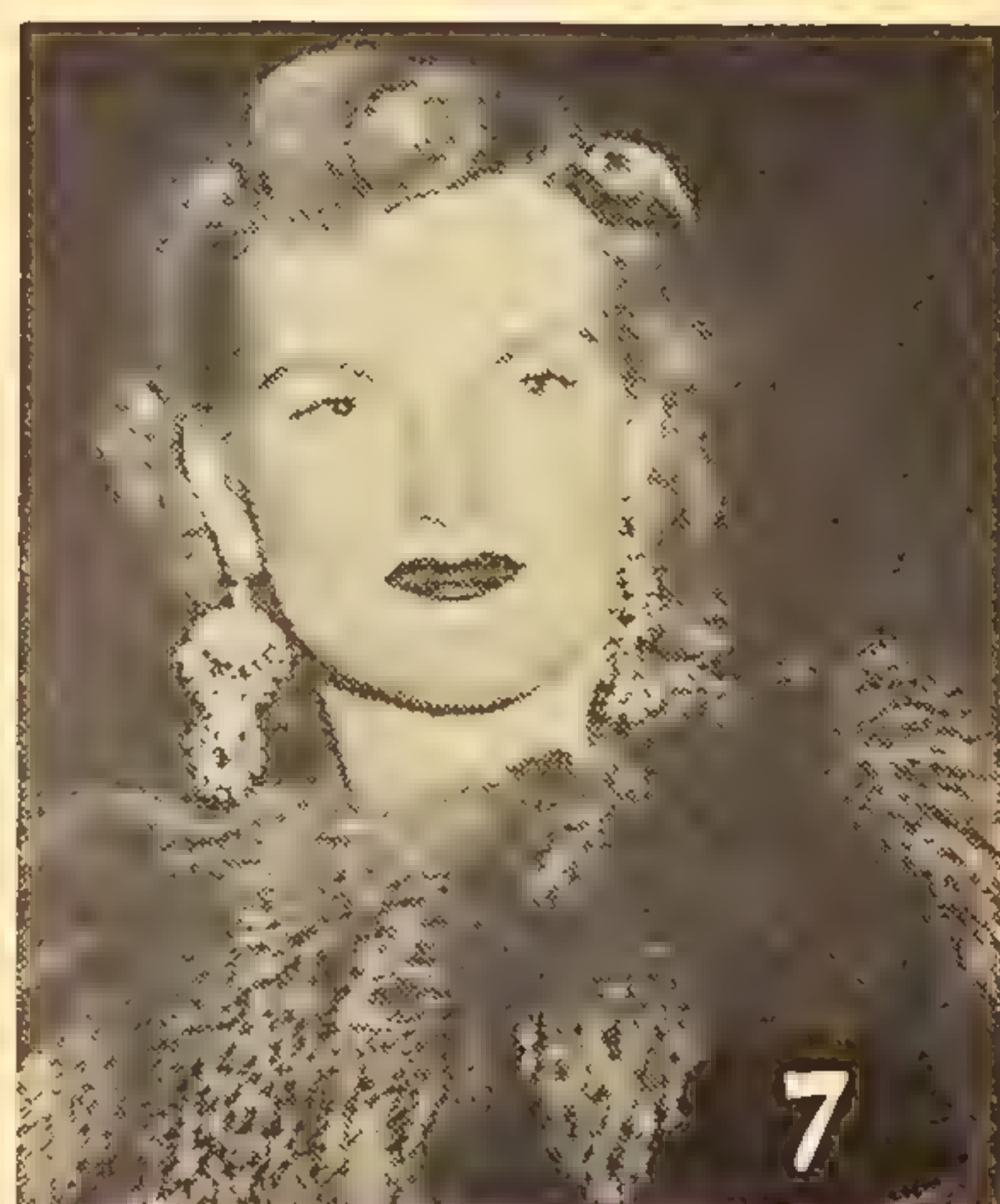
Delight Evans

The **10** MOST Sensational



At right, Errol Flynn
in costume from
"They Died With
Their Boots On."

These women have most ap-
pealed to Errol Flynn: 1, Lili
Damita. 2, Olivia de Havil-
land. 3, Mrs. Jack Warner.
4, Brenda Marshall. 5, Susan
Peters. 6, ?. 7, Doris Duke.
8, Inez Prober. 9, Gwynne Pick-
ford Ernst. 10, Darcy Vargas.



WOMEN I'VE MET!

By

Errol Flynn

As told to Jack Holland

FOR any one man to sit down and say, "These are the ten most sensational women I have met," is no easy task. In the first place, it gives the man the appearance of a gay Lothario who dashes about with a note book recording his impressions of the women he meets. Well, I am not a gay Lothario, and I have no note book. The ten women who have appealed to me the most are simply those who seem to remain apart from the majority of women—for one reason or another.

Naturally I would start off with Lili Damita. She is a really sensational figure. I'm not in the least alarmed at what she would do if I omitted her. After all, Lili and I understand each other quite well. We're both rather hectic individuals, and our antics have passed beyond the stage where one puzzles or surprises the other. Ever since that first day some few years ago when I met Lili on a ship coming to America, I have thought her a definite individualist. I remember so well our first meeting. She was, at the time, a well-known French picture star. I happened to be walking on the deck to the accompaniment—if you can imagine it—of the ship orchestra playing inside. Suddenly, I noticed a very exciting lady looking casually out (Please turn to page 60)

Movie idol reveals the **Pet Women** in his life!



9



10





A CRIME

TO EXPLOIT

MY DAUGHTER, Jane, is in pictures. She has been ever since she was eight years old. She ranks eighth as a box office draw, which is pretty swell, and you'd think no mother in her right mind would have a squawk in the world. But I have and I want to get it off my chest. It's this:

Every once in awhile I pick up a magazine and read that it's criminal to permit a child to work in pictures—that they can't have a normal childhood and that playing tag and making fudge are more to be desired than great riches.

One of these blurbs was written by a young actress who is not only childless but husbandless. Although she has never been married, she stated it was her observation from working with children in pictures, that they have no childhood whatever.

Another was written by a doctor who had been employed by a studio as technical adviser on a picture with a hospital background, although no children were employed in that film.

Still another was written by a producer who, although childless himself, is noted for his love of children. In fact, he has made a fortune through exploiting them in pictures.

In the case of the first two, I think it was simply a



JANE WITHERS'



What's the truth about star-baby bread-winners? Are movie mothers as selfish and money-grabbing as they have been painted? Here is a frank answer from the parent of Hollywood's most consistently successful young star, Jane Withers. It will open your eyes!

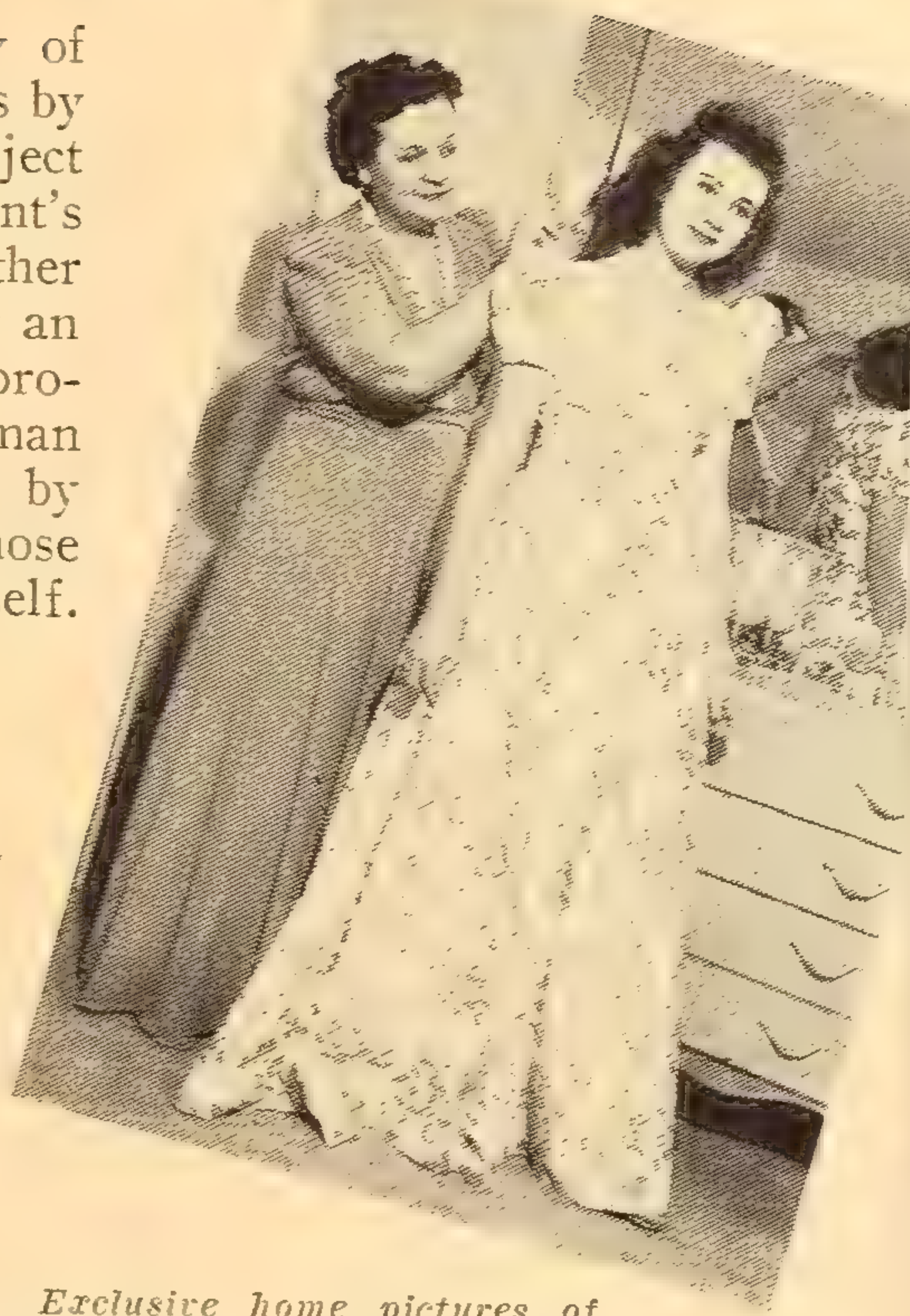
By
Mrs. Ruth Withers

CHILD STARS?

desire for publicity—a way of calling attention to themselves by voicing opinions on a subject close to every American parent's heart—a subject on which neither of them was qualified to *have* an opinion! The third case—the producer—was simply that of a man harassed beyond endurance by ambitious mothers and he chose that means of protecting himself.

And recently there has been a growing opinion that parents put their children into pictures as a means of obtaining an easy living for themselves!

I want to present my side of the subject—and the side of every mother of every child in pictures. While the ramifications behind the reason for the entry of various
(Please turn to page 64)



Exclusive home pictures of
Mrs. Withers and her daughter
Courtesy 20th Century-Fox



DECORATIONS BY
LEONARD FRANK



MOTHER TELLS



Pathetic pose of Jane Withers, top left on facing page, is from one of her early movies, but it might symbolize exploited movie childhood—if you failed to realize the significance of the other pictures. For example, the latest portrait of Jane, above. Or the exclusive home pictures with her mother, showing a happy, healthy, lovely sub-deb in wholesome surroundings. Consider as well those buoyant kid pictures of Janie on opposite page, with one of her hundreds of pets, radiating her irrepressible humor. No, movies haven't hurt her.



RAWR milk! That's what he was howling for, *rawr* milk. But did the big baby go and get it himself? Not by a quartful. He made the poor little fella do it. Pushed and shoved him right up against a cow before it could have the combination picketed for being unfair to streamlined labor. There couldn't be any argument about that, because the pint-sized milker was all dry. The wonder was the cow would stand for it instead of giving him a kick in the pants. Yes, he milked backwards.

It looked as if New Jersey, where the cows come from, had a lot to answer for, what with those two dairy workers—an inside job, or I'm no Sherlock—coming from that state, too. You'll see for yourself how it is when you clamp your eye on their latest epic, "Ride 'Em,

Nuts to You

By

Charles Darnton



First with "Buck Privates," then with "In The Navy," Bud and Lou have coaxed bigger belly laughs from Mr. and Mrs. America than any other comedians in a decade. Now they're up to their zany antics in a new film, "Ride 'Em, Cowboy"—see scene above, and center below. Between scenes they horse around the Universal lot letting the slapstick swing where it may. Does it swing! Not even Deanna Durbin is sacred.



If you're howling at Abbott and Costello—and who isn't?—have another laugh with the boys right now, in the funniest interview ever given by these clowns in clover

Cowboy." Naturally, they're nuts to you . . . Bud and Lou, further identified as Abbott and Costello. But watch them closely and it will dawn on you, as it did on me, that there's something classical, something born of inspired humor, in this precious pair; for here, my lords and ladies, are the *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza* of the movies.

Waiting to talk with them, or get in a word edgeways, I had plenty of time to size them up. Bud struck me as clean-cut, Lou as if he had been cut out with a circular saw and hooped together by a journeyman cooper. They had come a long way without showing the slightest sign of wear-and-tear. On them burlesque had left no ribald mark nor vaudeville stamped them with routine. Out of Broadway shows and radio patter they had come into their own—Hollywood. Just as they found themselves, so Universal had found them to be a double-shift gold mine. Suddenly, sensationally, "Buck Privates," then "In The Navy," had made Abbott and Costello clowns in clover. (Please turn to page 68)



Ladies in

**A chiller-thriller of a screen story!
Co-starring Ida Lupino and Louis Hay-
ward, from the famous stage play**

*Appearing to-
gether for the
first time on the
screen, Mr. and
Mrs. Louis Hay-
ward (Ida Lupi-
no) have highly
dramatic rôles in
Columbia's pic-
turization of Gil-
bert Miller's
Broadway suc-
cess, produced for
the movies by Mr.
Miller and Lester
Cowan. See Page
71 for complete
cast and credits.*



You'll shiver at the suspense of "Ladies in Retirement" with its weird story of three sisters, a scheming intruder, and a fatuous old woman. In these scenes you see the stars, Hayward and Lupino, supported by Elsa Lanchester and Edith Barrett as the sisters, and Isobel Elsom of the original N. Y. stage cast.



EVEN when there had been no dread secret in Estuary House, the place had held that sinister feeling of mystery. There was always mist in the winter, hanging low over the desolate marshlands, and gulls screamed hoarsely over the Thames Estuary and the river was as gray as the bleak sky over it.

The house had been built in the days of the Tudors, but time had not softened it. It stood there grimly be-

hind its stone walls, its scraggly garden choked with weeds. But inside it had been cozy—once. Ellen put the thought away from her with a shudder. There were some things she could not bear to remember. And yet she couldn't help remembering. The fire had burned brightly in the huge stone fireplace and there had always been a kettle standing on the hob, for Miss Fiske had loved her tea, just as she had loved all the good things of life. Juicy joints done to just the proper turn, and currant jam and those cobweb-covered bottles down the cellar she had brought up when she felt in the mood. She had brought up a bottle of champagne *that day*, and Ellen felt as if she could never bear to look at one again.

Oh, there wasn't any doubt that Miss Fiske had loved life even at the end when she must have been sixty, though no one would ever have thought it to look at her rouged cheeks and her red mouth and the pink and white powder that made her complexion look as fresh as a girl's, from a distance anyway. Her hair was still as brightly red and as full of little curls as it had been when

Retirement

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen



she was a chorus girl all those years ago and the gay young blades of London had been mad about her, and it would have taken a second glance to see it was a wig she wore, two of them in fact, one for every day and one for best.

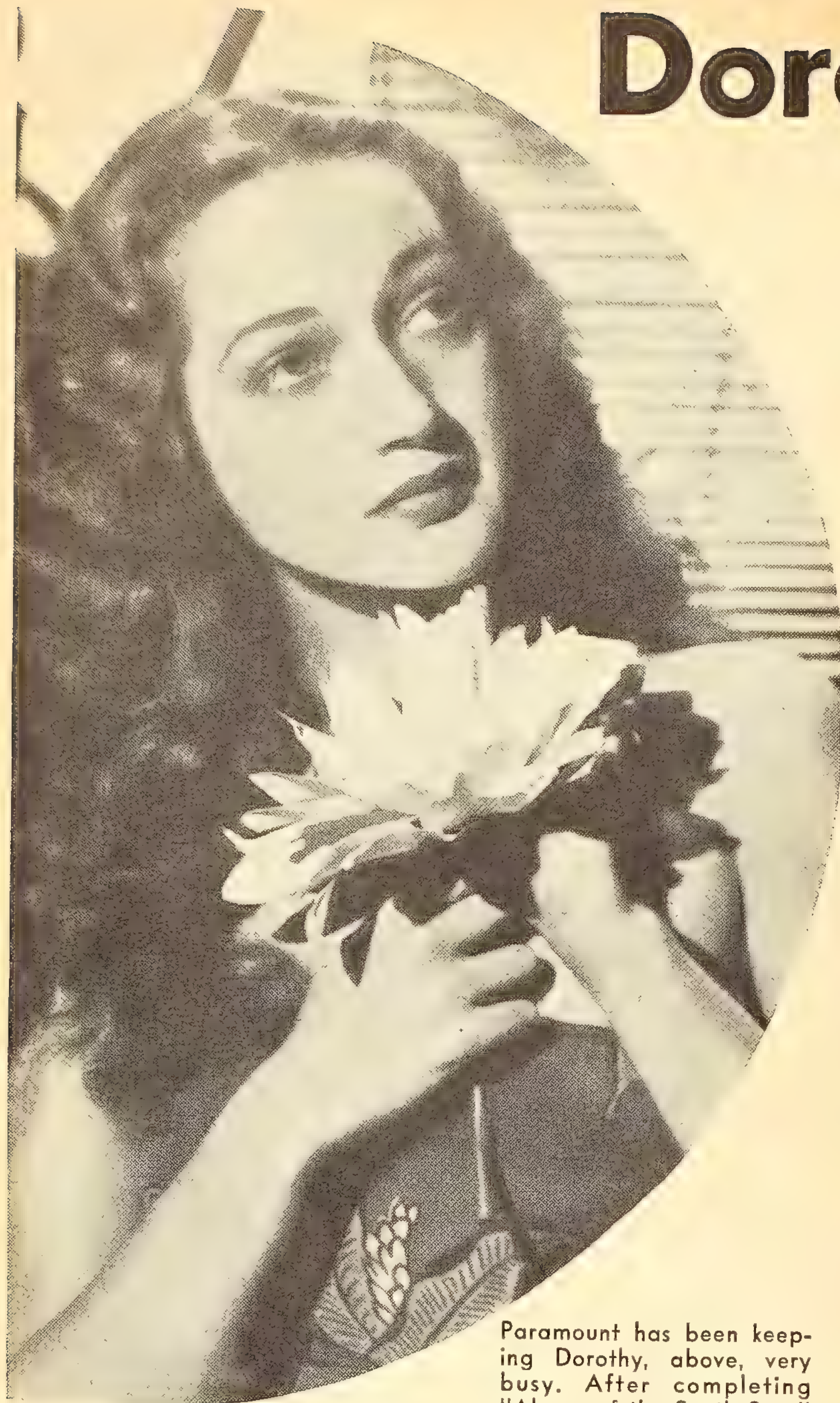
Miss Fiske had loved Ellen, she had often told her she was almost like her daughter, and Ellen had loved her too. For all that she could be fussy and particular and her tongue could have an edge to it when she was annoyed, she had been kind, kinder than anyone Ellen had ever known. If she had only been kind to Emily and Louisa, those two helpless sisters of Ellen's, everything would have been different. They could all of them have been living here happily together, and Ellen wouldn't have to shudder every time she looked at the fire, because when she looked at it she had to look at the huge old bake oven alongside of it where Miss Fiske had kept her valuables. What was it she had said about it once?

"It's big enough for a tomb." That was what she had said and she had laughed saying it. She had been laughing that day Ellen was going up to London on business for her. Ellen had stood there with the pathetic letter from her sisters crumpled in her hand and nodded me-

chanically as Miss Fiske gave her a letter. "Go to this address. It's just off Berkeley Square. Go to the servants' entrance and ask for the butler. Say you've come from me with a note for Lord Kenardigington and will he give it to his Lordship privately."

Remembering that eased Ellen's conscience, but only a little. She had never approved of the way Miss Fiske had of getting money, sending notes like that to all those fine gentlemen who had loved her when she was a giddy young chorus girl. For (Please turn to page 70)

Dorothy Lamour



Paramount has been keeping Dorothy, above, very busy. After completing "Aloma of the South Seas" they put her in "Malaya."

Lost your lover? Want him back? Dorothy Lamour, who modestly says she's not a "heart specialist," nevertheless gives our final 6-Star Contest Winner (letter below) subtle hints on how to lasso that reluctant swain

IS THIS YOUR PROBLEM, TOO?

Dear Miss Lamour:

Six years ago I met a boy about my age. He was fine and sincere, just about all a girl could ask for. I was not in love with him, but liking him as much as I did, I saw him constantly for almost a year. He had a job but did not make much money, therefore we did not go out as much as we would have liked to. Meanwhile I met an older fellow who took a liking to me. He was able to show me a good time whenever he dated me, but my steady objected to this. I was humiliated as I was young and wanted to have a good time, so I broke off with him.

About three years later I started to see him again but infrequently, but suddenly found myself desperately in love with him. I tried to make up to him, but he appears very cold. However, I learned from other sources he is still in love with me. He is very proud and does not show his feelings. How can I get him back without being too obvious?

Rose Tagner,
Brooklyn, New York.

DEAR Rose Tagner:

I was scared when I realized that I had promised Delight Evans, the editor of SCREENLAND, I would write an article on romance in response to the best letter on that subject in the contest. "Dorothy," I said sternly to myself, "don't you of all people go believing your studio build-up! I'm surprised at you, being taken in by your publicity. You're no heart-throb expert, and you know it. If there are any short cuts to romance, you haven't found them—ever."

Then when I discovered that there would be a long enough period between two pictures on my heavy schedule for me to spend a little time in Hawaii, I began to feel reassured. "You may not be a Beatrice Fairfax," I consoled myself, "but anyone should be able to get romantic ideas after a trip to Honolulu—especially when the best boy friend is going along."

My qualms, however, proved unfounded as it developed later, for your problem, Rose Tagner, was one about which I knew all the answers. I didn't have to go to Honolulu or any place else for inspiration about the solution to your romantic difficulties. Because, back home in New Orleans, one of my girl friends had had almost an identical experience.

So I don't have to give you my contest-winner theory. I can give you real honest-to-goodness facts. I *know* what has solved just such a problem in New Orleans—and I am sure that a technique that proved successful

"CUPID'S" GIFT

Lucky Rose Tagner not only wins the personally-selected gift, a smart lapel watch clip, from Dorothy Lamour, but also invaluable advice on how to bring back that lost love—a problem, incidentally, which confounds too many girls. Dottie sounds like a true daughter of Eve. At right is closeup of the lovely gift.



there would be quite as successful in Brooklyn. Anyway, it's worth a trial. One charming girl worked out her heart problem in the story I am about to tell you, and I think, perhaps, that you can too.

Suppose we call my girl friend "Gertrude" because that isn't her name. I have to disguise her identity because her husband (let's call him "Bill") doesn't even suspect that his happy marriage came about through any influence other than his own. Gertrude, in other words, is one of those wise women who realizes that the man in every case must believe himself the aggressor. No man likes to feel that he was, or is, pursued. Accordingly, we women have to be very subtle about helping along our romances. One bit of obviousness and we're sunk. That is one reason I think Gertrude's story is so interesting.

Plays Cupid!

By Dorothy Lamour

She got the man of her choice, while he is confident that *he won her*.

Gertrude and Bill's friendship—like yours with the man you love—began on the strong basis of mutual admiration. In short, they *liked* each other before they *loved* each other. This is such an important point that I would like to interrupt my story long enough to say something about it. Personally, I believe with all my heart that there can be no steadfast, lasting love which is not based upon a strong liking. The couple must not only like each other, but the same people and the same every-day things as well, if their love is to endure. Because, in spite of the fairy stories, and alas, the moving pictures, which always end with marriage and "they lived happily ever after," I'm afraid that in this world of ours there can be no true love if a couple's interests are divided, and their friends uncongenial. Maybe I am wrong. But that's what I firmly believe. So you must take heart, Rose Tagner, in the fact that you liked your man before you loved him.

But to continue with Gertrude's and Bill's story. In their case, just as in your case, there was an older man, and rather wealthy, to complicate the course of true love. In this case, as in your case, the man was not a villain. Rather, he was simply a very nice person whose bank account put him in a position to entertain a young girl in a way impossible for a boy of her own age to do. And in both cases, the girl was not engaged to the youth she liked so (*Please turn to page 78*)



Dottie, left, with her own handsome heart-throb, Greg Bautzer; and above in the brief sarong that brought her fame and fortune.



Mrs! A Honeymoon Can Last in Hollywood

IF

LIKE JANE
and RONNIE



The Reagans, Jane Wyman and Ronald, are still sweethearts. Their careers are prospering, with his big rôle in "King's Row" and with her good work in "Bad Men of Missouri." Best of all, of course, is their "savings account baby."

SHE'S nobody's fool, that Jane Wyman. Or, shall we say Mrs. Ronald Reagan? For behind that pert, gay, wise-cracking exterior lurks a good, solid chunk of common sense, coupled with the firm conviction that to want is to have. And it's worked out pretty much that way, by and large.

For instance, when Jane and Ronnie decided to get married, the fact that they hadn't piled up a big bank account didn't throw Jane for a minute. In fact, far from having a bank account, they had just returned from a personal appearance tour which had eaten mightily into their reserves. "And besides," Jane admitted, "I don't know how I ever did it, but I was up to my neck in debt. And knowing the way Ronnie feels about debts, I decided the best thing to do was to pay every last living bill before the big event. After it was all over, I had exactly \$500 to my name!"

"That's swell," Ronnie assured her. "That's the beginning of our savings account."

Practically, they sat down and started to figure. Jane had a very comfortable apartment on which the rent was already paid. Instead of going into debt to rent a larger place, they moved right into Jane's place after the ceremony and brief honeymoon. Then they started living on the basis that has proven so satisfactory.

"Our system is so simple, it doesn't sound like anything," Jane said. "It's just that we save half of everything we make. That first month was tough sledding. We literally didn't spend a dime! Every one of our checks was banked away, half in a savings account and half in a checking account. My charge accounts took care of our living expenses, so we had no bills to pay until the first of the following month. Believe it or not," Jane laughed, "My charge accounts save me money!"

"But how—" I began, challengingly, "I always thought—"

"I know," Jane went on, "You're going to tell me that everyone charges too many things when they have accessible charge accounts. But it hasn't worked out that way for us. You see, Ronnie has a phobia about bills. If a bill is ten days old, he starts having a fit. As a result, every bill is paid and out of the way by the 10th of each month. Naturally, we don't go haywire and charge more than we can pay for."

"Ronnie and I are a good balance for one another. While he is very practical in some respects, he goes overboard in others. For example, anyone can sell Ronnie just *anything*! I don't think I'm tight, but over a period of years, I've come to learn the value of money and I insist on getting value received. I know how to cut

corners and no one can sell me a darned thing unless I'm convinced it is just what I want and that I'm getting it as cheaply as possible."

Although Jane has charge accounts in just about every store in town, she buys her clothes at a little Hollywood Blvd. shop where she used to shop for her high school clothes. Over a period of time, she has learned their stock, become acquainted with the personnel, and as a result she gets the best values the store has to offer. And what is more, she always looks well and expensively dressed.

A most amusing incident occurred the other day. Jane was visiting at the home of one of her well-to-do friends. "Where did you get that divine dress you wore the other night?" Jane asked. "It was sensational!"

"Why, she's the most marvellous woman," the friend enthused. "She just comes over and drapes the material around you and there you are—you have a dress!"

"I must have her," Jane insisted. "Ask her to come over right away, will you? I've just got to have some new clothes and I'd like to have something different."

As she was leaving, she had a thought. "By the way," she ventured, "She isn't expensive, is she?"

"No, she's really very reasonable," said the friend. "She'll do you a lovely frock for around three hundred."

"Skip it, dear," Jane said quickly. "Just forget I mentioned the whole thing! Why, darling, how would I ever get my new house furnished if I paid three hundred dollars just to have a dress *made*!" And Jane dashed off to her favorite shop to pick up a bargain.

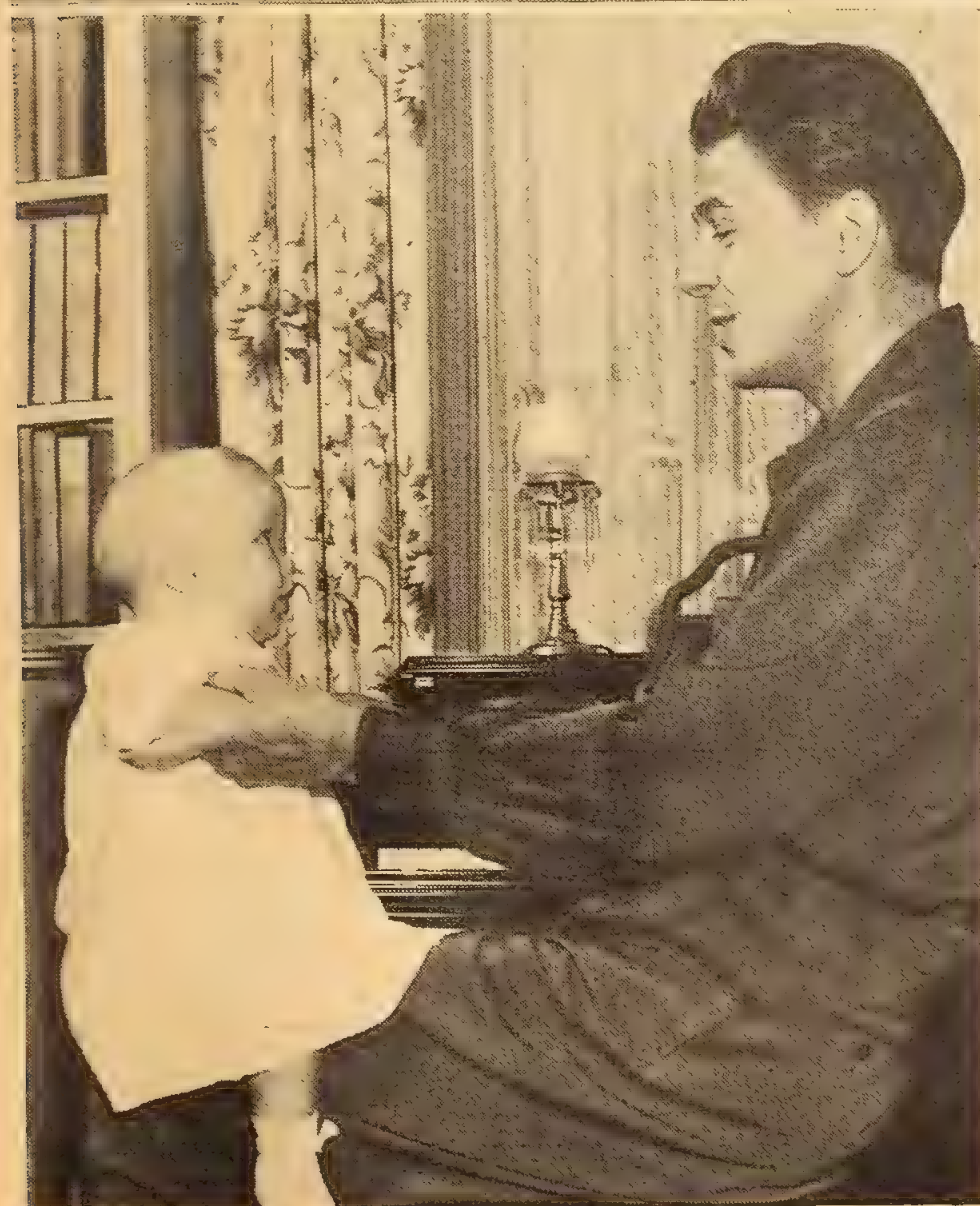
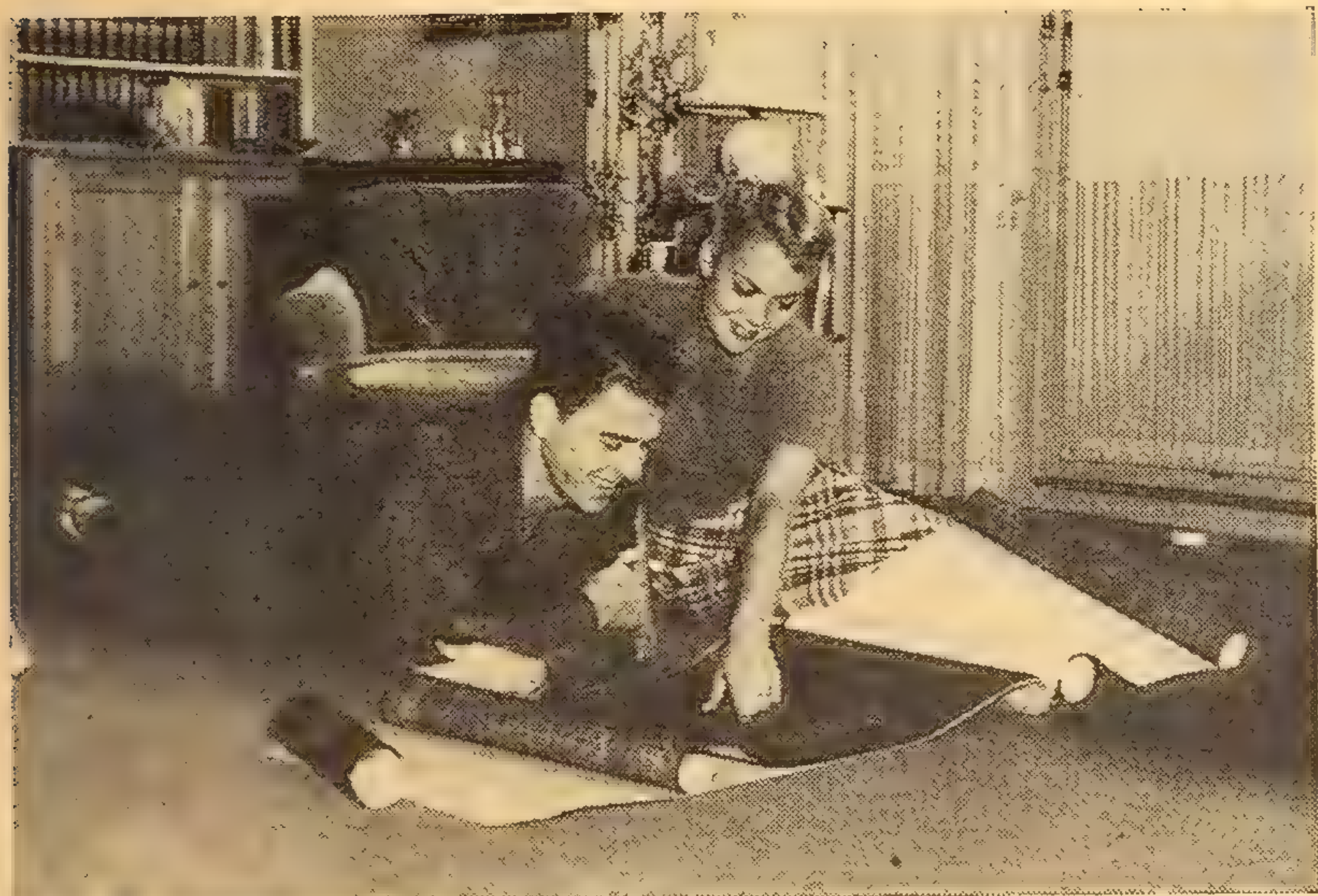
During the year and a half (*Please turn to page 79*)

By
Virginia Wood

YOU HAVE LOVE & LAUGHTER

A BABY →

PLANS for the FUTURE ↓



MUTUAL INTERESTS ↓



GOOD FOOD AND FUN ↓



"ROZ" IN SHORTHAND

GLADYS HALL: (To Miss Russell, who arrived ten minutes late for the appointment) "Nice of you to remember I was coming!" (Miss Hall was only pretending to be sore, she winked at me.)

ROSALIND RUSSELL: "Nicer than you'll ever know, sweetheart! I am terrified. Every word I say will be pinned down by those little pots and hooks and squirley-queues. I feel like a butterfly pinned through its middle. I'll be hoist on me own petard. If I'm smart, I'm Harpo Marx. I left everything at the beauty parlor—that's where I've been—including my wits. I loathe beauty parlors. Because I live a dozen tired, old lives a day under driers when making pictures. During 'They Met In Bombay' I sat under a drier nine times in one day. My brain shrivelled. Oh, yes, I also spent a day or two

EDITOR'S NOTE: Because Rosalind Russell talks like skyrockets exploding or bombs bursting in air—and because, by her own admission, our reporter's memory is not bomb-proof, nor does she take shorthand—Miss Hall took a stenographer with her when she interviewed Miss Russell. The following is an exact transcript of the notes made during the conversation that took place between Rosalind Russell and Gladys Hall at the Russell home in Beverly Hills, California.



— and now you know me!
 Rosalind Russell



What happened when Hollywood's wittiest actress was interviewed by star reporter and a stenographer was present to take down everything they discussed!

By
 Gladys
 Hall

Above, Rosalind Russell with Don Ameche in M-G-M's new film, "The Feminine Touch." Right, with beau Freddie Brisson.

having me boots polished. I asked Clark for some polish one day. He sent me twelve boxes. Enough to outlast any war even if I had to polish the Colonel's boots—God love them all! Hazel—Ha-zel!" (Hazel is Miss Russell's very pretty, very clever colored maid). "A sandwich apiece, please—cut the bread thick and the meat thin for the likes of her," (laughing, indicating Miss Hall) "what kind do we want? What did we have for dinner last night? Or why not surprise her—what did we have last week? There's a war on, you know—eatless interviews, Hall, from now on in."

G. H.: "Speaking about the War, Orson Welles was guest of honor at our Hollywood Women's Press Club a week ago. He said something that interested us—that the reason there is so little progress in Hollywood (that's what *he* thinks) is because everyone is afraid, afraid of being kicked out of Hollywood, losing their jobs, and why not? he said—everyone lives in better houses here, eats more regularly, sees more beautiful women—no wonder they're afraid—but I've been thinking that *you* can't have any fears, Roz, or you would have re-signed with M-G-M last summer, you wouldn't dare to free-lance. Aren't *you* afraid of Hollywood?"

R. R.: "No more than of any other place. After all, fear exists everywhere today, no one knows what is going to happen—but to some extent, fear has been with us always. Fear exists in Society. There is the fear of doing something the so-called 'leader' of Society will disapprove of. You have fear in college, fear you won't make the best sorority. There's a cut pattern everywhere. Hollywood, too. But there are always those who dare to break away, tweak the society leader's nose, and they should—a breakaway is good, it's normal, it's healthy, it's—"

G. H.: "But can it be done without danger to the individual?"

R. R.: "No. There's always danger in revolt. But for the gamblers, you see, the experimenters, the danger is the fun. I am a gambler by nature, a rebel, an experimenter—upsetting the apple-cart is my favorite outdoor sport. There are experimenters in Big Business, in the labs of science, in all the Arts. They are those who try for new things, at their own peril—we haven't enough of that kind in Hollywood. It is our one great lack. Welles is right about that."

G. H.: "What is the greatest fear?"

R. R.: "For the majority, I'd say, the fear is lack of security. They want something on paper, something water-tight, a contract between employer and employee. You give up that security when you give up a contract. I have given up security to take a gamble. I happen to believe in it for myself. I want to see what I am worth. I want to grow. I wanted to be freer. I like danger. I like strange places. I like feeling my own muscles. I don't want security, I *really* don't. I'd purse my lips, grow smug—if I had wanted to be under contract to any studio, I would have stayed at M-G-M, I like the place—but I always leaned toward free-lancing. I like to be free (laugh) in every way!"

G. H.: "But the competition in Hollywood— isn't it pretty terrific?"

R. R.: "More than 'pretty'—*plenty*. That's the bogey-man—or woman. For if a girl comes along, more or less your type and your line of work, it only follows she is going to grab a couple of the parts you are anxious to play. When girls pour into town like the hordes of Attila, but—"

G. H.: "But no one ever (Please turn to page 80)

ONE night last summer Robert Stack, who is rapidly becoming the idol of American womanhood, was driving his snappy new car down one of the dark side streets in down town Hollywood. He was on his way to the fights at the American Legion. Suddenly a car pulled out from the curb in front of him and Bob found himself presented with a perfectly nice parking space for free. And like you and me and everybody we know, Bob is not one to spend a quarter for parking when he can help it.

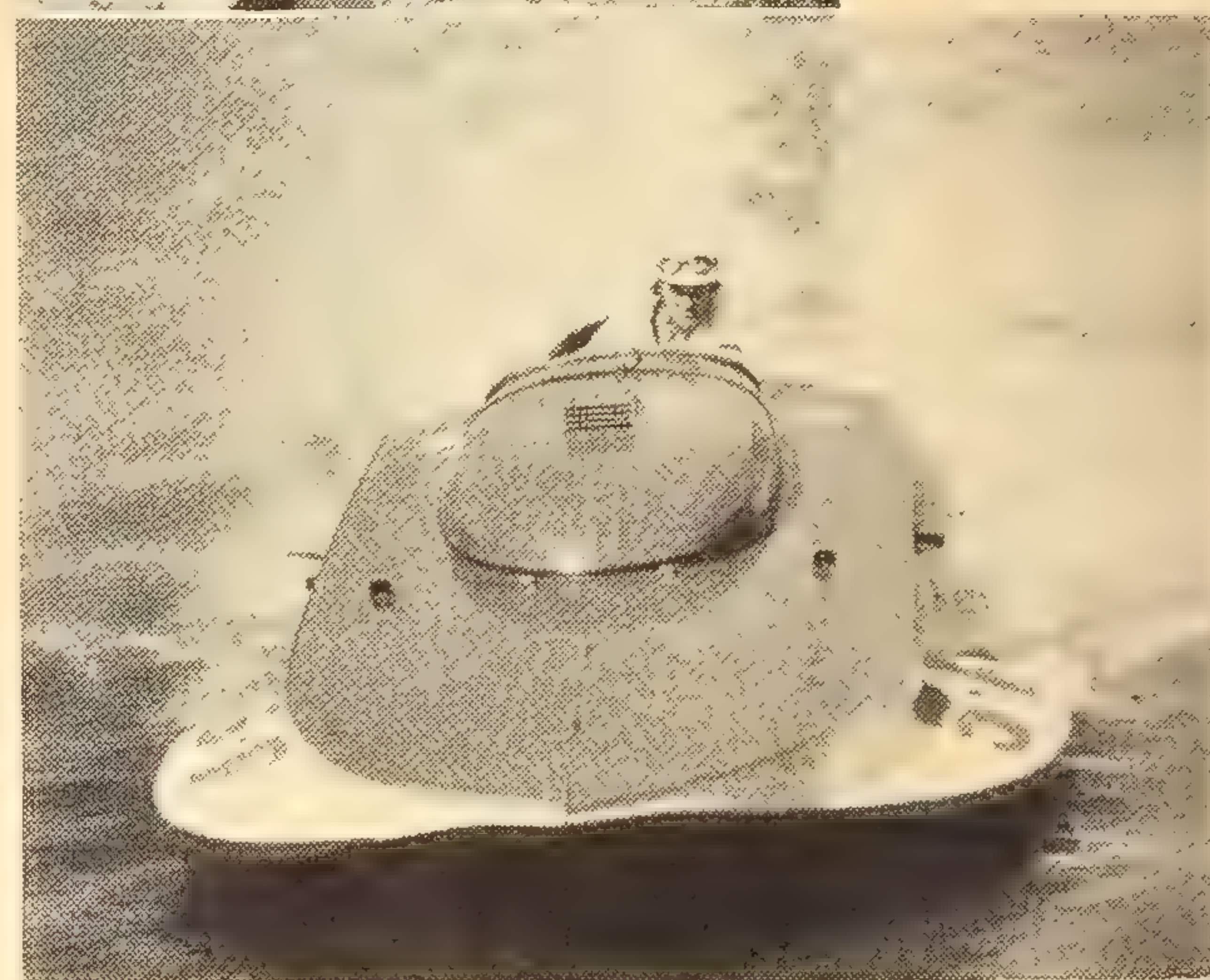
After the fights he had a coke and a hot dog with a couple of pals, and about midnight went on a search for his car. There it was right where he had left it, and on the windshield, pinned down by the wiper, was a piece of paper, a piece of scented paper. And on the piece of paper written in lipstick was a girl's name and phone number. "Whew-ew," whistled the young man who was the first to kiss Deanna Durbin on the screen. Bob's first feeling was one of annoyance that a girl could cheapen herself so by doing a thing like that. But being a perfectly normal guy, with a normal guy's curiosity, his second impulse was to give "Gladys" a ring, just for the hell of it—he could always hang up before she made a date. "Oh no, sonny boy," he said, slapping his alter ego down, and proceeded to tear the piece of paper into bits and throw them in the street.

At home he put his car in the garage, wondered just once more what kind of a girl Gladys could be to do a cheap trick like that, and fell into bed. The next morning, late for the studio, he made a wild dash for the garage, opened the doors—and stood there in frozen horror. The rear of his beautiful new car was completely caved in, the right fender was practically demolished, and the chromium looked as if it had been pawed by wild horses. "Gladys," he said. And then he knew only too well what kind of a girl Gladys was. She was the kind who didn't know a damn thing about driving a car.

"Oh, gee," said Bob, frank and refreshing as morning sunshine, "you have no idea (*Please turn to page 76*)



Champion of skeet shooting, Robert Stack's name was in headlines years before he became a movie star. He was a member of the All-American Skeet Team in 1936 and '37; won the national 20-gauge championship in '37; was a member of the national five-man championship squad in 1936 and '37; was the Southern California champion in 1937 and '38, and a member of the 1939 world's record five-man team. Then—the movies; and now he gets more fan mail than any star at Universal, except Deanna Durbin. Below, Bob in his speedy 225 cubic inch "racing hydroplane," *Thunderbird*, in which he recently broke all records in local speed competition. Oh, yes—he can also play polo.



Not satisfied with being a number one sportsman, handsome Bob Stack wants to be a good actor, and he's on his way



**By
Elizabeth
Wilson**



Stack's UP!



The Lady who's known as LUPE

The lithe little Latin star calls this her "good-will" South American dress. Guaranteed also to give North Americans a pleasant glow! See Lupe Velez in "Playmates" with Kay Kyser and John Barrymore, for more sartorial suggestions

WHAT A WEDDING NIGHT

Exclusive photographs from M-G-M's new romantic melodrama, "Honky Tonk," co-starring Clark Gable and Lana Turner.





"HONKY TONK" HONEYMOON!

What happens when tough-guy Gable finds himself married to luscious Lana Turner? Plenty!

KNOCK-KNOCK, WHO'S THERE?

GABLE: (playing fascinatin' con-man of the picturesque West):

"I'M NOT THE KIND OF GUY TO STAND AROUND SCRATCHING AT DOORS!"

LANA: (playing beautiful Boston belle who married him):

"PUT ON AN OVERCOAT IF IT'S DRAFTY OUT THERE!"

MARJORIE MAIN: (to Gable, lower left opposite page): "WHAT'S THAT ON THE BACK OF YOUR HAND?" (Only a sucker mark, Mr. Gable).

CLARK (below): "I JUST CAME IN TO SAY GOODNIGHT, MRS. BROWN," says the disappointed bride-groom between his teeth, to the bride who outsmarted him.



TOGETHER AGAIN!

For laughter and loveliness, you must see Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard in "Nothing But The Truth." We cannot tell a lie — they're even better than in "The Ghost Breakers"

Eugene Robert Richee
Paramount





Bing Crosby's best picture—that's a big promise, but we believe you'll agree that "Birth of the Blues" presents a positively new and dynamic Crooner in an original and imaginative story. He's in fast company, surrounded by baby Carolyn Lee, at right, and sweet singer Mary Martin, top. But being Bing, he steals the show.

BING IS "BLUE"

but he'll cheer you in
"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

*Eugene Robert Richee,
Paramount*





FRED FINDS THE RIGHT GIRL AT LAST!

First of the big military musical movies, Columbia's new picture starring Astaire and Hayworth glitters with gold braid as it sparkles with sequins. Astaire has staged several of his amazingly graceful dances, the two best being pictured here. Close-ups show the stars in scenes from this timely and colorful show.



Ever since he "broke up" with Ginger Rogers, Astaire has been searching for another lovely partner whose twinkling toes could keep up with his own. Joan Fontaine, Paulette Goddard—? No! But now comes Rita Hayworth, daughter of the once-famed fast-stepping Cansinos, who taught her to dance before she could walk. Watch this new terpsichorean team in "You'll Never Get Rich"

*Photos by A. L. Whitey Schafer,
Columbia Pictures*



Torrid

Sizzling star of "Sundown"



In Walter Wanger's 'Sundown' the sensational young star, Gene Tierney, plays one of the most excitingly exotic rôles ever written for the screen. So her new costumes, created by clever Irene, are the last word in sophistication, such as the daringly draped evening gown in the two pictures at left.

Although she has usually been seen in costume pictures, Miss Tierney proves here that she can wear modern clothes with grace and gusto. At right, beige suede fashions her classic shirtmaker; a new taupey-brown shade named "Sundown" her accessories. Her hat of this shade of felt is the new large off-the-face. Far right, this smart bright red "suit" is really a coat—all a clever designer's trick achieved by a swathed hip-line and a fold where a jacket might end. Note the new longer waistline, and new enormous, down-in-back hat.



Tierney!

In exotic new clothes

Harem influence in fluid jersey, at right—a perfect foil for the dark beauty of Gene Tierney. The gown is in sage-green Alix jersey, moulded softly over the bosom, with a draped overskirt like an Arabian princess's. The matching wool cape is lined in fuchsia crepe; the belt and epaulets are jeweled.



"Before Sundown" clothes are modeled by Gene Tierney in the two pictures at lower left. First, her light blue wool-jersey daytime dress with large square gold nailheads, accented with accessories of the new taupe-brown colored leather named after Walter Wanger's picture. Far left Gene's new great-coat is blended beaver, her favorite daytime fur. With it she wears a dashing hat—remember, big hats are news—whether off-the-face, or down-in-the-back, or merely big-brimmed as this one is—but big. Feel like shopping now.

RUMBA ROMANCE





Once again John Payne makes movie love
Alice Faye, who's such a good actress
that she seems to enjoy it even
though her fans know her thoughts are
away with bridegroom Phil Harris

Want a "Weekend in Havana"
in fast company? Drums and
daiquiris, that tropic moon, that
Carmen Miranda—not to
mention songs by Alice Faye,
dances by Cesar Romero, profile
by John Payne. And no
hangover. Just a nice glow!



WEATHER

FAIR and (very)

Warner Bros. beauties posing in new fur fashions here photographed by Welbourne exclusively for SCREENLAND



Ah! Just the thing you've been dreaming about, eh? We don't blame you. Georgia Carroll, top, in something positively new under the sun. It's a guaranteed blues chaser: A cape-coat of black Russian caracul. The coat is straight-lined and, as you can observe, the cape is set on with a yoke at the shoulders. Alexis Smith, left, the little lady you're ga-ga over in "Dive Bomber," will never have to take a back seat in this neat number. Neither will you. It looks much nicer than it sounds—a skunk jacket with capelike $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeves. Georgia and Faye Emerson, above, are all ready to brave the frost. Faye's in "Nine Lives Are Not Enough," which gives us a chance to say that her sports fur coat of opossum has a collarless neckline and rounded shoulders, and will outlast ten lives. Georgia is happy in her sheared beaver. She's also happy about her nice new picture career.

REPORT: WARMER

(and why not,
in these new
fur coats?)



If this isn't the smartest thing in fur fashion, we don't know what is. The trouble is we do know, and we'd be willing to trade Alexis Smith's super-super cape of stone marten for that trip which for years loomed so important. Now that we've settled for Alexis' stone marten, let's concentrate on Faye. A Russian ermine, with accompanying hood has caught the little girl's fancy. Do you wonder why? Before we go any further, we might mention that all these luscious styles originated in the good old U. S. A. Georgia, left, is comfortable in this brief jacket of sable-dyed squirrel; it has a standup collar and mellon sleeves. Don't overlook Persian lamb, folks, whatever you do. At any rate, you won't be able to overlook Alexis, top, who is wearing a black Persian with an interesting cutaway front and scarf-draped neckline.

Proud Pet Picture Winners!

Prize-winning pets having their day in print! The first prize winner is surrounded by her challengers. More prize pets will be published in an early issue.



The contest is on in full swing, so send your entries along to us.

\$5.00 PRIZE (left)

"Whiskers" has the run of the place, according to John H. Eydeler of Forest Hills, N. Y. Whiskers, we note, appreciates the privilege.



FIRST PRIZE WINNER (left)

Carl Von Buelow of So. Pasadena, Calif., wins Morgan Dennis' original star-pet drawing with his "Rose."

\$5.00 PRIZE (below)

Florence F. White of So. Weymouth, Mass., caught these four playmates on non-speaking terms. We wonder why!



\$5.00 PRIZE (above)

It's only a rubber bone, but "Spot" seems content as he patiently poses for his master, Zack L. Roberts of Concord, N. C.

\$5.00 PRIZE (left)

Helen Handley of Mount Vernon, N. Y., found her pets indulging in friendly fisticuffs—keeping in trim.

\$5.00 PRIZE (right)

Yes, that's right, it's a turtle, and special pet of Blanche Johnson of Atlanta, Ga. Note the very elegant ermine-trimmed wrap.

\$5.00 PRIZE (right)

Her name is "Lady Danger" and she is the pride and joy of Lawrence Klein of Brooklyn, N. Y.



\$5.00 PRIZE (below)

Betty Wenninger of Fond du Lac, Wis., snapped her cats doing a little private pussy-footing about.



LESSONS IN LOVE

This is what you have been waiting for: Gene Raymond making professional love to wifey Jeanette MacDonald before the inquisitive eye of the camera in "Smilin' Through." And those love scenes are somethin' to see!



These lovey-dovey scenes between Gene and Jeanette look as smooth as silk. But—the story has seeped out that Director Frank Borzage had to do a "Madame La Zonga" with Gene: teach him the ABC's of "bussing." In Technicolor, too! Photo at left shows Jeanette with Brian Aherne as sweethearts, and far left, Brian's features display the tracery of time. It's a tender tale.



RKO-Radio

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine in Alfred Hitchcock's melodrama, "Suspicion" (formerly called "Before The Fact")

THERE'S a new glamour girl turning on the heat. It seems likely that you'll hear quite a lot about her because she's had experience. She knows the answers. She pioneered in the picture personality racket. She started in custard pie chromos and rose to drama of purest damask. She made the most expensive picture that was never released. She put the amour in glamour. She married a real live marquis to plug a picture. She glorified the American bathroom, set styles in women's wear for a round decade, married four times and stopped only because she tired of matrimony, not because men tired of her.

We won't ask the stoo-dents who she is, because even the brightest boys and girls of the class of '41 wouldn't know. Twenty years is a long time. But they fade faster than a bridegroom's collar at a July wedding when you

look at Gloria Swanson. And she's nice to look at. Here's the little woman who has busted H. G. Wells' time machine into bits. She has blitzed the old gentleman with the long white beard, hour glass and scythe. What her formula is no one knows. But her form is still irreproachable.

She has a son sixteen, a daughter eighteen, and another eleven, yet she looks thirty tops, in the noonday sun. She didn't sit with her back to it, either. And her face hasn't been lifted because the same mole is on the same chin that it was on twenty years ago.

Gloria Swanson received a liberal education on sixteen army posts. When she was fifteen she did walk-ons at the old Essanay studios in Chicago. Wallace Beery was a minor star doing "Swedey" comedies. She married him.

She's Blitzing Father Time!

By

**Malcolm H.
Oettinger**

Swanson with Adolphe Menjou in RKO's "Father Takes A Wife," below.



Gloria Swanson, Glamour Girl who started the racket, has a new future since her comeback in "Father Takes A Wife"



The Swanson star really rose when Cecil de Mille played Svengali to her highly photogenic Trilby. He showed her how to walk, how to stand, and how to listen. Then he decked her out in true Hollywood style of the period, built headdresses for her to increase her stature, swathed her in satin, hung her in rhinestones, surrounded her with actors like Tom Meighan and Wallace Reid, and made her name a household word. He made her a jewel of a woman, set in elaborate boudoirs or bathrooms slightly larger than the American Wing of the Museum. Usually a bathroom. He concocted box-office bonbons called "Don't Tell Your Husband," "Why Cheat Your Wife?" and "Male and Female" (causing J. M. Barrie to do a nip-up when he saw it was his "Admirable Crichton" dumbed up for mass consumption). Everybody went to see those pictures. There were critics in those days who called Gloria a clothes horse but she was mighty purty. And her pictures made money.

After an early divorce from the sad-eyed Mr. Beery, she married Herbert Somborn, the man who gave the Brown Derby to the world. There is (Please turn to page 66)



Your **GUIDE** *at a* **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"THE LITTLE FOXES"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

POWERFUL

APPEAL: To every adult movie-goer who can stomach strong drama even though unpleasant, provided it is presented with consummate artistry—as it is here.

PLOT: Screen version of Lillian Hellman's long-run Broadway play which starred Tallulah Bankhead is even more powerful than the original, its tense scenes more shocking, its hateful heroine twice as mean and murderous—but all adding up to strangely fascinating entertainment as it unfolds its repellent story of greed and ruthless ambition in a rich family of the deep South.

PRODUCTION: Samuel Goldwyn's—which says everything. This producer makes few pictures, but each is a highly polished gem, flawless in every detail. Direction by William Wyler, shrewd and knowing, meticulous and mental. Photography by Gregg Toland as good as his job on "Citizen Kane."

ACTING: It's a distinct triumph for Bette Davis, her most sensational rôle since "Of Human Bondage," and acted with all the poise and authority this actress has gained since her *Mildred* days. Only Davis could have played the poisonous *Regina* so magnificently—so now we can forget "The Bride Came C.O.D." Patricia Collinge re-enacts her original stage rôle to perfection, Herbert Marshall is excellent, and newcomer Teresa Wright amazingly fine as the heroine's young daughter—not to mention good performances by every member of the remarkable cast.

Samuel Goldwyn-RKO-Radio

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

HILARIOUS

APPEAL: If you want your best laugh since "Caught in the Draft," run, do not walk, to this funnier-than-ever Bob Hope show, perfect escape from daily doldrums.

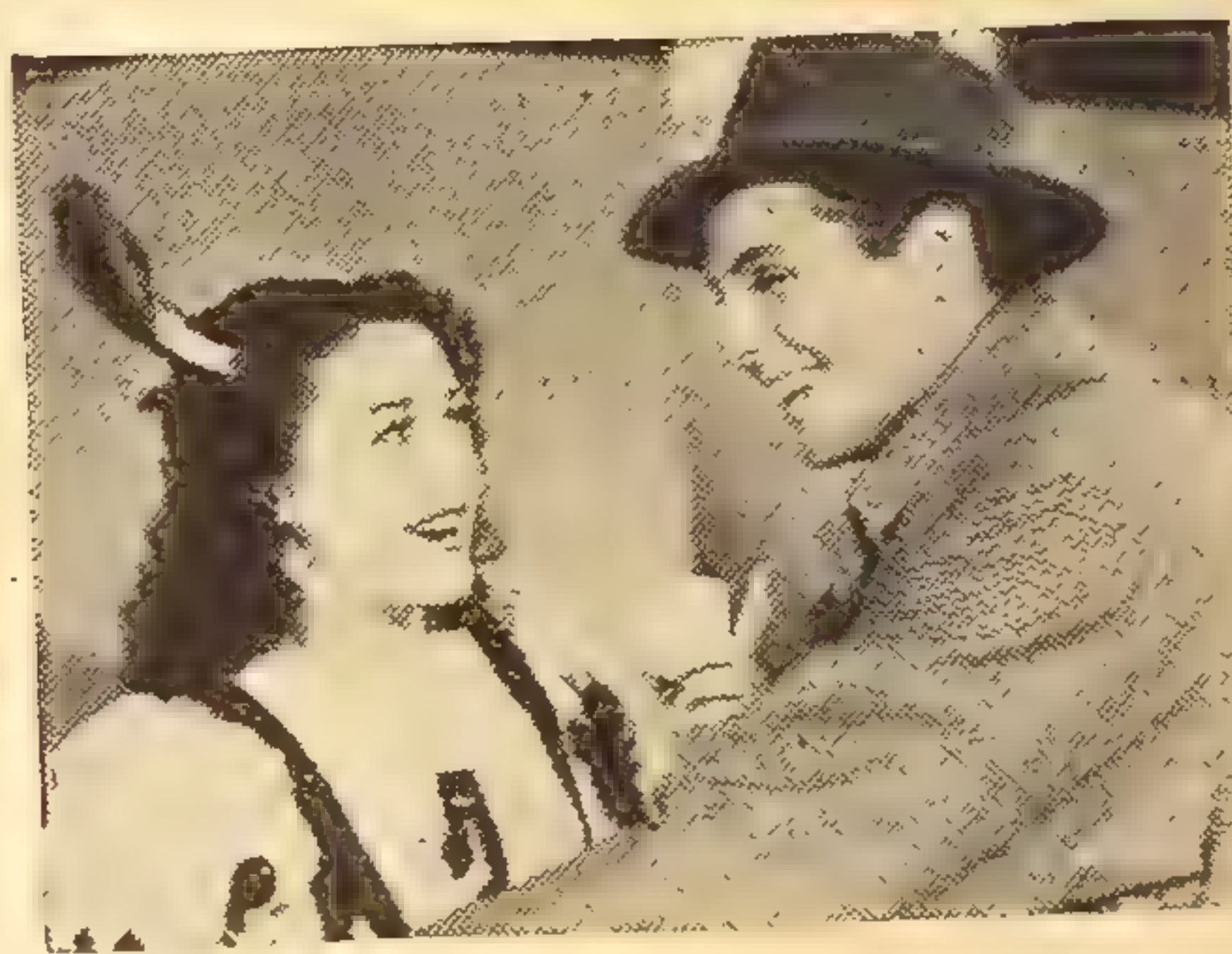
PLOT: Broker Bob, an honest, kindly soul, bets that he can tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for 24 hours. Comic complications are endless and unfailingly hilarious, involving a beautiful girl who gives Bob \$10,000 to "invest" for her in something that will double her money, her unscrupulous uncle, a suspicious psychiatrist, black lace nighties, woo-woo!

PRODUCTION: Elliott Nugent's sprightly direction from a gay script is so smartly paced that no audience will suspect the original idea dates 'way back, it's that brisk and modern. Set in Miami, Florida, "Wall Street with palms," it offers lavish settings aboard a palatial house-boat as background for Bob's antics.

ACTING: Let's come right out and call Bob Hope the great comedian that he is. You may not realize you're watching a great performance when you see Bob's casual gestures, hear his apparently spontaneous "asides"—but brother, this is it. Incredible, but he's even funnier than in "Caught in the Draft," without benefit of the timely material. Paulette Goddard, too, is not only more decorative, but deliciously gay as his girl. Grand cast includes Edward Arnold, Leif Erikson, Glenn Anders, Helen Vinson—and don't forget the ineffable Willie Best, Bob's colored valet.

Paramount

"ICE-CAPADES"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

NOVELTY

APPEAL: If the American ice-skating craze has included you, even if only from a balcony seat at the big ice shows, here's refreshingly different entertainment.

PLOT: On ice—that is, it skims over the adventures of a little skater and the newsreel cameraman who tries to catch up with her—nothing to tax your brain, but interspersed with sufficient comedy and skating numbers to hold your interest, especially when big-name performers from the "Ice-capade" revue are doing their breath-taking stuff.

PRODUCTION: Most spectacular acts from the well-known "Ice-capades" have been imaginatively filmed, with some lovely pictures of the graceful skating girls in action—one waltz number being particularly eye-filling. Otherwise it is all rather routine—until the next skating number. Finale is something.

ACTING: You don't expect Bette Davis to do a dance on skates, do you? Then you won't complain if Dorothy Lewis, star of this ice show, doesn't do a Duse. Her skating is sensational, her personality pert and pleasing. Two other girls who stand out for their ice artistry are Belita and Vera Hrubá. Jerry Colonna and Barbara Allen (Vera Vague to you) team up for what laughs they can get out of you between ice ballets, and James Ellison is the handsome excuse for the few romantic scenes.

Republic Pictures

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"UNFINISHED BUSINESS"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

GOOD

APPEAL: If you like Irene Dunne, here she be with two new beaux, Bob Montgomery and Preston Foster, and you'll want to see which man wins her for keeps, won't you?

PLOT: Small-town girl on first trip to the Big City meets playboy on train, and falls for him—only to be disillusioned. **BUT**—here's the surprise—she marries his brother on the rebound, thus providing the family circle with a neat triangular problem, especially since she can't seem to get big brother out of her mind and heart, though little brother-husband is madly in love with her. What to do?

PRODUCTION: Gregory La Cava, one of the "stylists" among directors, has his tongue in cheek as usual as he puts his cinema puppets through their paces—unfortunately, this time, he is toying with an unbelievable story which is torn between hokum and high-mindedness, thus never really convincing.

ACTING: Miss Dunne is not at her best here, probably because she has to play a heroine who can't make up her mind until almost the last reel—and Miss Dunne is so obviously a straightforward lady that her erratic behavior in this film never rings true, to herself or to us spectators. Robert Montgomery has similar trouble with a weakly written rôle, but manages to infuse it with his own special wry charm. Preston Foster is good as the bad big brother—but for my money Eugene Pallette's weird valet character steals the picture.

Universal

"LYDIA"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

ROMANTIC

APPEAL: For those incurable romantics who can have infinite patience with a movie maiden who's pursued by three, count 'em, handsome men—and still stays a spinster for love of the fourth.

PLOT: Lovely Boston belle named Lydia starts her impulsive career at 20 with near-elopement with young wastrel, disappoints worthy doctor by falling in love with a sea-going Casanova with whom she has romantic interlude, takes up social service work and brilliant young pianist-composer, and finally, at 60 a public benefactor, has a reunion with her rejected suitors and reviews her past, both purple and pious.

PRODUCTION: Alexander Korda's finest, with gorgeous sets and costumes, fabulous photography, generally great elegance in every department. You know when a movie bears the "Korda" brand it means the costly best. Noted director Julien Duvivier has imparted sophisticated continental touch, with some superlative scenes.

ACTING: Merle Oberon's most glamorous rôle, which she plays with exquisite feeling and her own delicate distinction: progressing from wilful girl through awakening womanhood to cynical old age, a truly fine performance. Edna May Oliver as a doughty old New England tyrant is a treat. Alan Marshall as the "one man" in her crowded life, Joseph "Citizen Kane" Cotten as the doctor, newcomer Hans Jary as the composer all contribute splendid portrayals. But it is Miss Oberon's picture from first scene to last, and rightly.

Korda-United Artists

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

SHOCKER

APPEAL: Practically everybody will want to see this new streamlined screen version of the Robert Louis Stevenson classic, for chills and curiosity-value.

PLOT: You've grown up with this one—first John Barrymore made a movie of it with horrendous make-up; later Fredric March played it, with Miriam Hopkins. Now Spencer Tracy appears in the dual character of scientific *Dr. Jekyll* and demon *Mr. Hyde*, and comparisons are bound to be made no matter how odious—in fact, this film is providing conversation for family dinner tables throughout the nation, and no wonder, with all its Freudian embellishments.

PRODUCTION: Still a "period" piece, but with all the modern refinements of advanced cinema technique, such as dynamic direction, superb lighting and finest photography, and M-G-M's characteristic devotion to fine detail in sets and costumes. It's a super-duper "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," folks.

ACTING: Tracy's is an interesting conception of his classic rôle, and many have called it magnificent—but despite the quiet conviction of his *Jekyll*, and the revolting frankness of his *Hyde*, it is still not his top performance. Perhaps the part is too "ham" for this genuinely great actor? More food for argument! You'll remember Ingrid Bergman as the yielding barmaid for her passionate intensity even though you may prefer her in more wholesome parts. Lana Turner "never looked lovelier."

M-G-M

Thanks to the Army, the Navy and the Marines



Here's the competition we've been looking for—to put us on our toes and keep us there. Every girl should read and heed!

By
Courtenay Marvin

The red-haired sweetheart of "Sergeant York," Joan Leslie, a facial study in Autumn tones. Usually, she wears a hair bow, but sometimes it's pigtails! Below: Joan is fascinated by something new, Lucien Lelong's "Balalaika" liquid sachet.

IF HE went away in civvies and is coming back in a uniform, be prepared for a not unpleasant shock! For he'll probably awe you—throw you for a loop—unless you can compete with him. But the competition is more than fair, and it isn't because of valor on the field or dance floor. It is a kind of vigilance in the matter of good grooming! His shining, well-cut hair, his immaculate nails, his clean-clean skin and his impeccably fresh uniform with its shining brass. Military life does just that, but it is certainly a reversal of the old order when it was the girls' job to tell the boys how to groom themselves. I blush as I write for some of my stories of not too long ago on the general idea of "Please tell the boys how . . ."

Today, the boys are telling us, all right! Not in words, but by example. They're showing us the strength of that appeal of freshness, old as the hills, but still as vital as life and love, themselves.

So far, we've known little war deprivation. But I think the silk stocking situation probably opened many pretty blue and brown eyes. We might have to do without—we just might have to go without this and that. And so a kind of personal re-



trenchment seems at hand. Of course, it mustn't interfere with good looks. And, of course, it won't. It won't if we review the very a, b, and c's of looking attractive and lovely. They get you right back to the fundamentals of the soldier boys, grooming of person and possessions. So you might do very well, with the first nip of Autumn, to review your skin cleansers, and these might very well include a cleansing cream, a softening cream to be used while you sleep, when you need it, the

soap best suited to your skin needs, and a make-up base. The last, you should never neglect, if you want that movie-star look to your skin and if you want to help it remain soft and smooth, in spite of football games and that tart feel of the first frost. There is a form in make-up base to suit every fancy, from lotions, creams, films, cakes and stick form. A little, in every case, literally goes a long way and does wonders for appearance. And you ought to begin to use hand lotion or cream in copious quantities, but not on hands alone. If we must do without the allure of cobwebby hosiery, then have beautiful leg skin to make up for the lack. Keep it soft and smooth, and use a depilatory frequently if you need it. Wear glamor leg make-up for evening, or whenever you can do without stockings. Wash your precious silks carefully, thus prolonging life. Use mild cleansers like flakes and beads, and follow directions.

Just when my mind started on this military trend, who should come to town but Joan Leslie of "Sergeant York" fame. It seemed Joan came at just the time I needed her. Typifying as she did the American soldier's sweetheart, I was very curious about this young girl. Joan is in her teens, as you might guess. But her hair is a great surprise. It is red, *real* red. "You can part it, and look," she said. But you need not be convinced. That fine, fair skin, the faint sprinkling of very light freckles over forehead and arms vouch for her words, as do her eyes. They appear dark, because she is blessed with much-darker-than-hair lashes and brows, but if you see those eyes closely, you notice they are a composite of violet, green, rust and grey—changeable and very interesting. Joan's brows grow in a good line, and they do not appear to have been shaped into another. No brow line will ever do for you as much as your own, if you will keep it within its own bounds, by removing straggling hairs and smoothing the general line. Joan's freckle solution is to prevent them by using several applications of foundation cream, then a little powder—the best plan I know, too. Perhaps a light fleck of rouge touches her cheeks, and her lipstick, used on her normal mouthline, which you will notice, is a lower lip slightly fuller than the upper, is a strawberry blonde tone, marvelous with her hair. Her hair is a golden red, inclined toward straightness, but the ends have a permanent wave. When she is not working in the studio, her mother washes

her hair for her and sets the back in pin curls. These give a curl or a soft fluff, and are comfortable if you must sleep on them. Once, I saw Joan at a barbecue party, and then she wore a high straight front pompadour and the ends hanging in old-fashioned curls, about to her shoulders. She wore a simple black crêpe dress, and the only real Hollywood evidence was her corsage of orchids, very, very orchidaceous! Later, I lunched with her, and her hair then hung in a fluff with two gold velvet bows just back of her ears. She wore a copper-colored crêpe frock, dirndl fashion, with a militaristic eagle embroidered on the bosom and skirt pocket. I liked that dress. It reminded me of "Sergeant York." I liked it, too, because golden Autumn colors went so well with that hair. Joan is five feet, four inches, and must watch her diet, because, as she said, "I love to eat." She said this, prolonging the life of her fruit compote—her luncheon. "But it isn't hard when you get the habit."

And so with most of the acts we go through daily to be better looking. They aren't hard when you get the habit. It's the habit that's hard. But once you've got it you've definitely got something there, as even the boys in uniform will tell you. Joan had nothing to say on the subject of boys, except that it was a joy to work with Gary Cooper. There, I am afraid I showed envy. But Joan gets a great kick out of girl friends, one in particular, with whom she shares her secrets. There we agreed, that a secret is never any fun until properly shared.

Well, back to class now. We can't forget the Army, the Navy and the Marines. How about those hip exercises you were going to do? That manicure you need? That shampoo to make your hair shine? A special home treatment for your fading tan, or coarsened, roughened "Summer" skin? That visit to the dentist, maybe? It's too late to slip now, here in 1941. You're in a difficult spot with the boys competing for honors that were once almost exclusively your own. Go right to the top of the class for good grooming and stay there with your honorary degree!



A candid moment with Joan Leslie and her pup. Often, shots like this tell you more about a person—and a pup, too—than pages of words. This, I think, is the real Joan Leslie.

Yours for Loveliness

Thoughts in terms of beauty care for your possessions as well as yourself

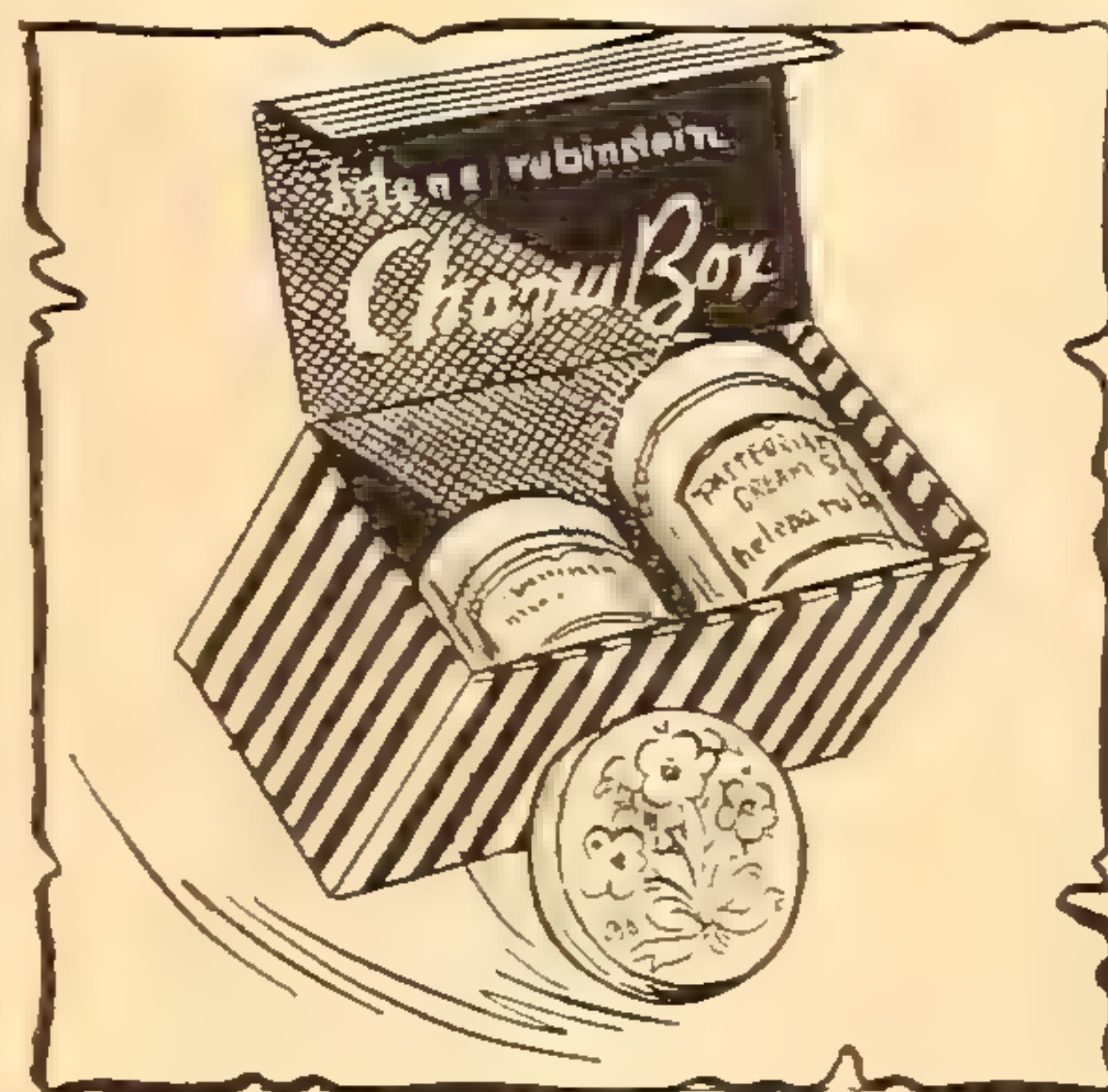


YOU will want Revlon's Pocket Scarf at the first peek. Campus and dorm go for it in a big way, and others, too, who drive cars, skate, hike, etc., and don't want to be bothered with a bag. The snap pockets are catch-alls, and come filled with Revlon's nail enamel, oily remover, Adheron, that base-coat for long wear, orange stick, emeries and cotton. Of spun rayon in gay colors.

NOW, if ever, your silk and Nylon stockings should have beauty care. They're precious, to be cherished! They need gentle cleansers as does your skin. Sketched are your answers, Lux Flakes and Ivory Snow, two budget and beauty savers. Safe for anything that water alone may touch. And Run-R-Stop saves the day when a run starts. One drop means a stocking saved.



CHARM Box, by Helena Rubinstein, invites you to try her luxuries at the price of one full-sized product, alone. There's that superlative Pasteurized Face Cream, for dry, or for normal or oily skin. It cleanses, softens, smooths, and is, indeed the one cream for many purposes. You will love it. And there's Town and Country Make-Up Film, that favorite with the discriminating, to give you a gardenia-smooth finish and to protect your skin. And there's Flower Petal Complexion Powder, also for a dry or for a normal or slightly oily skin. Here is that little luxury you've been promising yourself for a long time. Indulge in it to your heart's content.



Helena Rubinstein packs a quantity of charm in a gay box for \$1. It contains three of her most prized preparations.

Perspiration has ruined many a lovely garment. Use gentle Arrid for personal and possession protection. Daintiness insurance!



"THE flame of youth that men admire!" That's a good description of the beautiful make-up tones in the Flame-Glo products by Rejuvia. Lipstick, for instance, comes in a variety of dynamic colors, lasts long and gives your lips a tempting soft, smooth texture. In a junior and a large size. There's a compact rouge, subtly blended for just the right depth to cheeks, and harmonized with the lipstick tones. Flame-Glo Face Powder, new, completes the trio. It is expressly designed to last longer and to impart a baby-softness to your skin. All three for Fall radiance!



Flame-Glo products for a make-up that men admire. Subtle but so ardent and vibrant with lovely color. The powder is new.

There's a long history of fine performance behind Miner's Theatrical Cold Cream. A real boon to budgets and to your beauty.



REALLY good things go on, we are told. So if you're up on your arithmetic, jump from 1864 to 1941. Then you have the age of Miner's Theatrical Cold Cream, created for the fundamental purpose then of removing make-up and cleansing the skin, and doing the same job in a fine way today! It is a fluffy, light cream, of a true cold cream type, a type particularly sympathetic to dry, sensitive skin. My tin is just gone, and I want more! It seems particularly cleansing if you apply it, jump into your bath, then remove. Now its price has been considerably lowered. C. M.

If everybody looked like Gwen Seagar, right, with a rifle, the world would have nothing to fear. Directly below is another Gwen—Gwen Kenyon. Joe Sawyer, right, is utterly helpless facing such "enemies" in "Tanks a Million." This is how lovely Elyse Knox, below, would win a war—James Gleason quickly surrenders.

WE'RE'S

HOLLYWOOD

By
Weston
East

MICHELE MORGAN is happy. Michele is *very* happy. The inside story of her trip to Hollywood concerns her romance with Jean Gabin. According to European friends, it was the big thing in Michele's life. She was disconsolate when Jean came over here. Finally, she came over too, and found that Gabin was doing all his gabbin' with Marlene Dietrich. Occasionally, some other woman. But now Jean and Michele are back together again. Even blasé Hollywood beams approvingly when they witness how well the lovers look together.

DESPITE all the pleas, Robert Taylor is begging to be allowed to go and make a picture in England. M-G-M has a wonderful part for him there, but he's also needed over here. Bob, by the way, under the instruction of Roger Pryor, just completed his first solo flight. No, Barbara still hasn't gone up with him.

TONGUES began to wag when a bleached-looking blonde attended Fritz Lang's bedside almost daily, in the hospital. She *was* a bleached-blond, too—none other than Virginia Gilmore with a new hair job for her rôle in "Swampwater." And Hollywood was *so* sure that Fritz had a new girl friend.

WITH an independence that staggers the old-timers, Pat Dane is making rapid strides as an actress. Maybe her coming marriage to Cedric Gibbons (formerly married to Dolores Del Rio) is giving her confidence. But stars who have struggled for years can't get over the way Pat takes it as if it was just naturally *supposed* to happen.

WHILE George Raft stood by and beamed, his buddy, Mack Gray, opened his Copacabana Club. The place is one of the real show places. The hallway is mirrored. White cocoanut palms, soft blue lights, murals of sky and sea complete the decoration. Among the guests who were there to give Mack a hand were Claudette Colbert, the Jack Bennys, the Gary Coopers, Tony Martin and Lana Turner, etc.

THEY say it's any day now for Glenn Ford and Evelyn Ankers. He's been showering her with presents, looking moon-eyed in jewelry store windows. When asked the direct question, Glenn evasively said his only plan for the future was to get a hair cut! He could use that, too.



ANN SHERIDAN'S going home. For the first time since she won the "Search For Beauty" contest nine years ago, "Clara Lou" Sheridan from down Texas way will not be paying rent. Practical gal that she is, Annie grabbed a bargain of a ranch in Encino. Before she made the down payment she took George Brent over to get his approval. The next day workmen arrived and put up a high fence around the place. Annie says there is no master bedroom. But definitely!

GUESS who Fred Astaire's new dancing partner is going to be? None other than Bing Crosby—yet! Fred is so anxious to work with Bing, he cut short his New York trip, where he went to make recordings. Before he left Columbia, Fred went to the front office and spoke about Rita Hayworth. He said he had known few dancers as conscientious and as excellent. He asked for her as his partner when he dances for Columbia again.

REAL or imaginary, Lupe Velez has a mad on at Carmen Miranda. At Hollywood parties Lupe does fierce impersonations of the lady with the fluttering hands. Lupe doesn't spare her candid opinions, either! Carmen, when told about it, just shrugged her shoulders and kept right on fluttering.

PHIL TERRY, who scored such a hit in "Parson of Panamint," and Susan Peters have called it a day. Rumor is that Phil broke the engagement to the little Errol Flynn protégée. Phil says, "'tain't so." Susan's career is budding. She needs all her time for it, before settling down to the serious business of being married.

JOAN CRAWFORD, her two adopted children, and a retinue of servants won't be back in Hollywood until the end of the year. They will vacation in Connecticut. While there, Joan will complete the purchase of a huge estate she plans to establish as a permanent Eastern residence.

THE Maurine Fitzsimmons who booked passage almost daily from Reno to Hollywood (and vice versa) was really Maureen O'Hara. First she flew to Hollywood for retakes. Then she returned for fittings on "Benjamin Blake." The Reno divorce laws being what they are, Maureen had to be back on Reno territory every night by twelve. All of which made her a sort of flying Cinderella. Some say that Maureen's mother, who is now in England, cabled her disapproval at Maureen divorcing the husband she married so haphazardly.

ROBERT CUMMINGS has been warned to watch his health—or else! Making terrific strides after years of struggle Bob has been making two pictures at once since the first of the year. Universal have five deals pending after he finishes "King's Row" at Warners and "It Started With Eve" (formerly titled "Almost An Angel") with Deanna Durbin. Bob is exhausted and should listen to his advisors. He's so grateful for what's happened to him, he wants to please everyone.

THE happiest heart in Hollywood today belongs to "Frisky," Claudette Colbert's champion Welsh Terrier. After spending a delightful summer at Santa Monica beach, Claudette returned to her lovely home in Beverly Hills. Imagine Frisky's excitement when he discovered that during his absence, twenty-four new trees had been planted!!! He's in seventh (dog) heaven.

VICTOR MATURE (who originally lived in a tent) is looking for a nice well kept garage. He'll live in it while his wife is being operated on in the hospital. Victor and Danny Kaye both appeared opposite Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady in the Dark." When Danny opened at Ciro's, Victor (alone) was on hand to pay his respects. When asked why he didn't dance, what-a-man Mature said he was afraid of Hollywood. If he was seen having fun while his wife was too ill to enjoy herself, the town would start talking. Ain't it the truth!

THE Henry Fondas gave a kitchen shower for Watson Webb, a close friend and Zanuck's favorite cutter. The Ray Millands brought along a double boiler, the Fred MacMurrays a garbage can all done up in cellophane. John Howard's contribution was a bread board and cake box he made with his own expensive hands.

Marjorie Dean's smile, left, would cower any enemy, anywhere. She's a member of the B.E.L.—"Buddies' Entertainment League"—a laugh organization in Hal Roach's new comedy, "Tanks a Million." Dick Wessel, inset, cools his "hot dogs" in a bucket of ice. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, left, are in "training" for "Great Guns."





A new Hollywood twosome? No, No; a hundred times no! Betty Grable's and Victor Mature's "romance" is strictly a business proposition, the "biznez" being "Hot Spot."

TWOSOMES for tonight: John Carroll snoozing in his car, waiting for the pretty thrush at Charley Foy's supper club. . . . George Montgomery giving Ginger Rogers a breather, while he takes the breath away from Carole Landis, Cobina Wright, Jr., young Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, Ann Rutherford AND Greer Garson (What? No Navy Blues Sextette)? Edward Ashley, public escort number one, a personal item for Bubbles Schinasi's new column. . . . Tom Harmon *not* talking football and no forward passes for Janet Blair, while they dine at the Seven Seas. . . . Bob (Brown Derby owner) Cobb trying a new menu and Frances (serial queen) Gifford at the Beachcombers. . . . Attorney Bentley Ryan appealing his case to Jean (oh, so young) Wallace, while Franchot Tone convalesces. . . . Henry Wadsworth and Mary Carlisle dunking doughnuts at Barney's Beanery. . . . Richard Travis tagging it at the Scheherazade, so he can watch Margaret Lindsay watch another man. . . . Tearing a bit o' herring at the Bit O' Sweden, Eddie Albert with Madame Ouspenskaya.

IN "The Man Who Came To Dinner" Monty Woolley with his famous beard is repeating his stage rôle of *Sheridan Whiteside*, the bombastic author. During the taking of a scene Bette Davis "blew" a line and referred to Monty as "Mr. Broadside." Now, that's her pet name for him when the camera isn't turning.

FROM Gable to sable went Lana Turner. Celebrating the completion of her rôle in "Honky Tonk," Lana and Tony Martin attended the premiere of "Charley's Aunt" at Grauman's Chinese. While the crowds went mad, Lana (who didn't have to be coaxed) let them take a good look at her latest creation. She wore a clinging white crepe evening gown. Huge sable patch pockets adorned the skirt. A few miscellaneous sables were tossed carelessly over one arm. And in her hair, Lana had dreamed up something that did look just like a sable pretzel!

HEDY LAMARR is in receipt of a letter from an amnesia victim. The only name and face the boy can remember is Hedy's. He wants her to come and see him, to ascertain if she has ever known him before. Imagine having amnesia and coming to with Hedy Lamarr by your side! As Jack Benny would say, "Oh, Brother!"

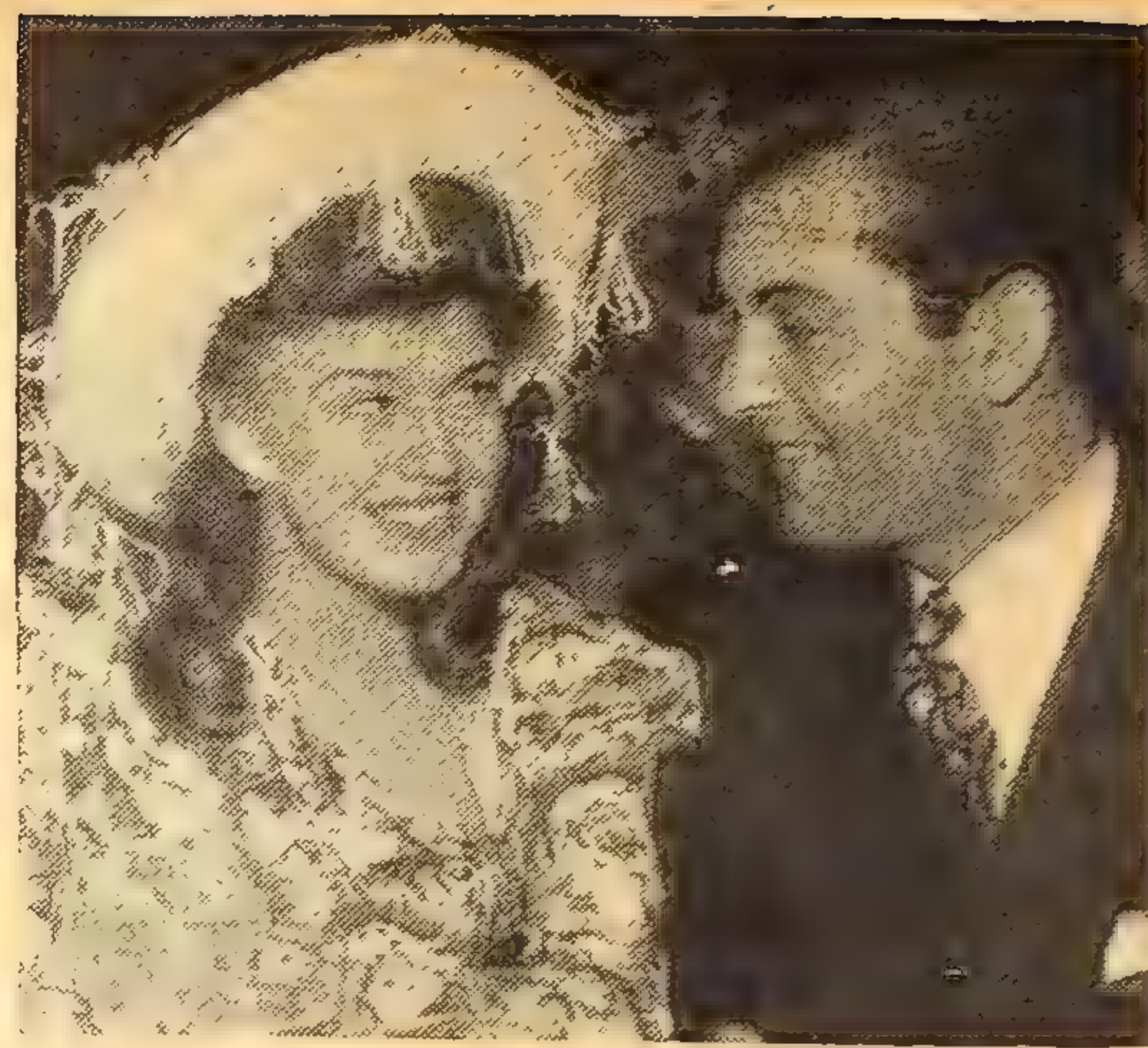
WHEN Alexander Smith was presented with a girl instead of a boy, he just automatically named her Alexis. And that's how movie stars are born.



Being champion movie-goer of the Army has paid Kenneth Wilkinson big dividends. For five days Hollywood paid homage to him. Kenneth, above, with stunning Sheila Ryan.



Roy Rogers, above, stoops to assist Belita, skating whiz of "Ice-Capades." W. C. Fields and Gloria Jean, below, in "The Great Man."



It is obvious here that Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery have eyes only for each other. It looks like love, but does it mean marriage? We think so! That's our prediction.

IT WAS Mildred Harris (the 1st Mrs. Charlie Chaplin) who led the applause among the extras, when Paulette Goddard (the 3rd Mrs. Charlie Chaplin) did a terrific scene for C. B. De Mille. Paulette was so touched, she saw to it that Mildred got an extended engagement on the picture.

TORCH of the month. Bill Lundigan and Warner Brothers have severed connections. Bill Lundigan and Marguerite Chapman have severed connections. That's why Marguerite is anxious to get out of town and tour all the big cities with the "Navy Blues Sextette."

THIS ought to make those Hollywood glamor boys stop and think. On Sunset Boulevard there's a company that prints fan photos for the stars to send to their admirers. Last month they couldn't accept a single order from any of their famous customers. The reason? Because they had to print up ten thousand pictures of *one* star alone. His name? Gene Autry!

ACCORDING to those who heard him say it, George Cukor has only had one personal clause ever inserted in a contract. That is, that he would never be required to direct Connie Bennett! Whatever the feud was, it's evidently all forgotten. George is directing Connie in the new Garbo picture and everyone says she is wonderful in the part.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND and Jimmy Stewart came face to face for the first time, since they called it a day. Jimmy was with Frances Robinson, Olivia with Gene Markey. They met in the doorway of the Mocambo.

"I guess I've lost a little weight since I last saw you," said Jim. "But you look well."

"I think you look well, too," answered Liv. "I guess I put on the weight you lost."

LIFE with father has nothing on life with John Barrymore at RKO. That studio is really in a spot. The Barrymore vocabulary doesn't improve with age. His "pet" names for Patsy Kelly send visitors blushing from the set. Even the press have to be guarded like sacred mice. They never know what tainted pearl of wisdom the profile will come out with next.

THIS is why we love Hollywood. For Errol Flynn's "They Died With Their Boots On," the studio imported real Sioux Indians. The red men arrived and were rushed right over to Perc Westmore. Because they didn't look enough like Indians, Perc was instructed to give them rubber noses that were more in character!

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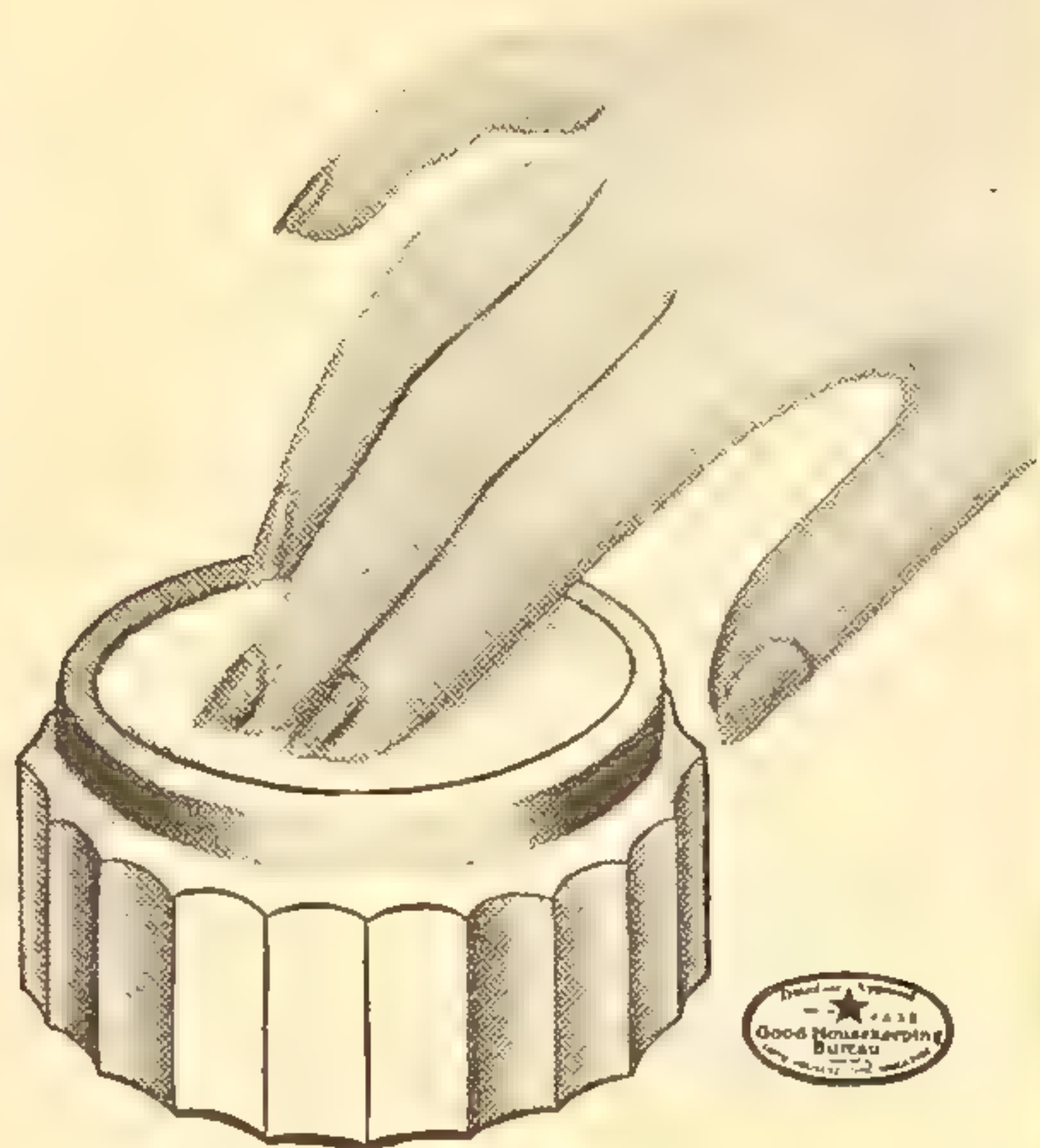
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The 10 Most Sensational Women I've Met!

Continued from page 21

over the sea. I walked closer to her. She paid no attention, probably didn't even see me. I studied her more and more carefully. Her eyes seemed to dance merrily with the ripple of the sea. She was dressed perfectly. Everything about her spelled smartness and distinction. And the moon—well, you undoubtedly have heard about moonlight on a ship's deck.

Any other man might have checked the lady in his note book for future reference. But my experiences all over the world had given me a certain brashness. So, without further ado, I walked up, smiled my brightest, and said, "Pardon me, but would you care to dance? The music is really quite good inside."

She turned toward me very slowly. Her expression didn't change one bit. She looked at me in an attitude of "Go away, little man, you bother me." And she said, "I never dance with strangers."

I never forgot that night. I was determined to meet her again some way. Any woman who could be so snooty and so blasé intrigued me. Of course, her beauty had a little to do with my remembering her!

I didn't see her any more on the trip. At least, not to speak to. But four months later in Hollywood, I was at a dinner party. I was mildly entertained. Then, in a corner of the room, I saw her. She was even more beautiful, more smartly dressed. I marched over to her and said, "Hello, remember me?" She smiled and said lightly, "Vaguely." Half an hour later, she had accepted a date. Not long after that, on one of our wiser impulsive moments, we eloped. Since then our temperaments have clashed.

Another young lady whom I met in my earlier days in Hollywood who has always interested me is Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is one of our really distinctive actresses. When we first worked together in "Captain Blood," I was struck with her beauty and with her then naïvete. In every picture I've done with her since, she seems to have grown more and more beautiful. As for her naïvete, that has changed with her own improvement. Livvy first attracted me because of her sincerity of purpose, her desire to reach great heights in pictures, her ambition. I was in the same boat then, too. I wanted to prove to myself that I had a place in pictures. I, too, wanted to reach the heights. It was anyone's guess as to which of us was really the more panicky that first day on "Captain Blood."

Livvy is one of the greatest gagsters in Hollywood. She continually pulled some gag on me. She has done so in almost every picture we have made. Once in a while, the gag falls flat, and she will say, "Flynn, you've no sense of humor." So to prove that I have, I merely show her I

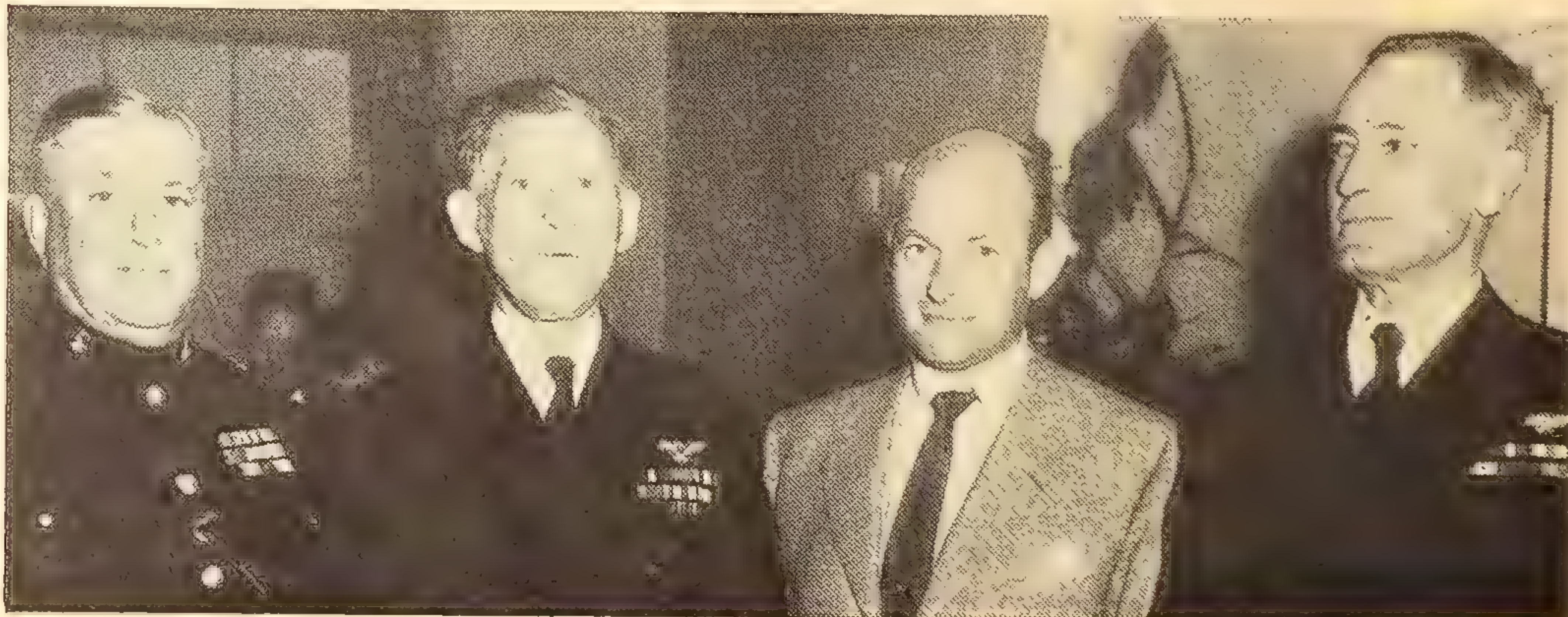
can pull a fast one on her too.

You may wonder why a gagster should be an appealing type of woman to me. Well, Livvy has always been a sensational figure to me because she has that ability to enjoy life, to get out and have fun while she can, to let her impulses and her inhibitions have full sway. Such an attitude makes any woman alert. Livvy used to be so lively because she was trying to hide her own lack of confidence in herself. She used to be the cut-up of the Warner lot. But recently, she has gained confidence, poise, and self-assurance. So instead of being a delightful scatterbrain, she is now one of Hollywood's most poised women. A girl who has mellowed and calmed down, but a girl who may turn into a mischievous imp at any moment. It's that combination of today—poise and carefree sophistication that make her the impressive person that she is. Yes, she is sophisticated now, but it's not the drooping eye-lid type of sophistication. It's what you might call glamor with a kick.

One of my first acquaintances when I joined the Warner Brothers' roster was Mrs. Jack Warner. A striking woman with her dark beauty, a fascinating woman with her ease in entertaining. Ann gave a party just a short while after I had begun work on "Captain Blood." And it was one of the most memorable moments of my life. I had not met her before, except very casually, and because I had heard much of Hollywood society, I wasn't exactly sure that I wouldn't be bored. But from the very first minute that I stepped into her home that evening, I was entirely captivated by her bearing and her ability to make every guest feel as though the party were given simply for his or her benefit.

Ann took me aside during the evening and asked me all about my experiences, my background. Her action wasn't that of a woman who feels it is the proper thing to gush over every exciting moment in her guest's life. When she asked me about myself, it was because she was honestly interested. It wasn't curiosity at all. That made a big impression on me, for I have attended other parties where I felt like something out of the Arabian Nights after my past had been divulged and gleefully digested by "just too thrilled" individuals.

With all of Ann's money, she is not a woman to be affected by her status in life. She is an understanding woman, a woman who combines sympathetic tolerance with an alert recognition of the characteristics of people. As a hostess, she has no equal in Hollywood, and to be a gracious hostess is the requisite of any woman. It is for this last reason, perhaps, that Ann Warner has always been a lady of definite individuality in a town where few ever try to be either original or individual.



Important Naval officials turned out for the premiere of "Dive Bomber," held in San Diego. S. Charles Einfeld, Warners' advertising and publicity director, played host.



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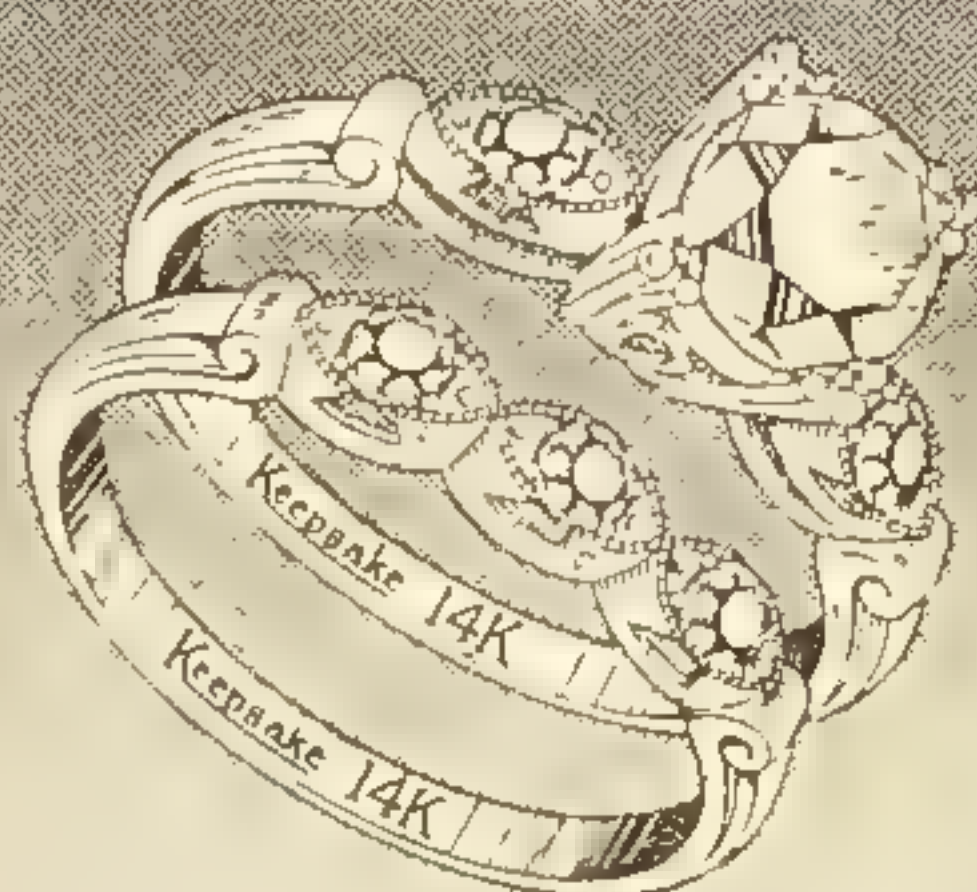


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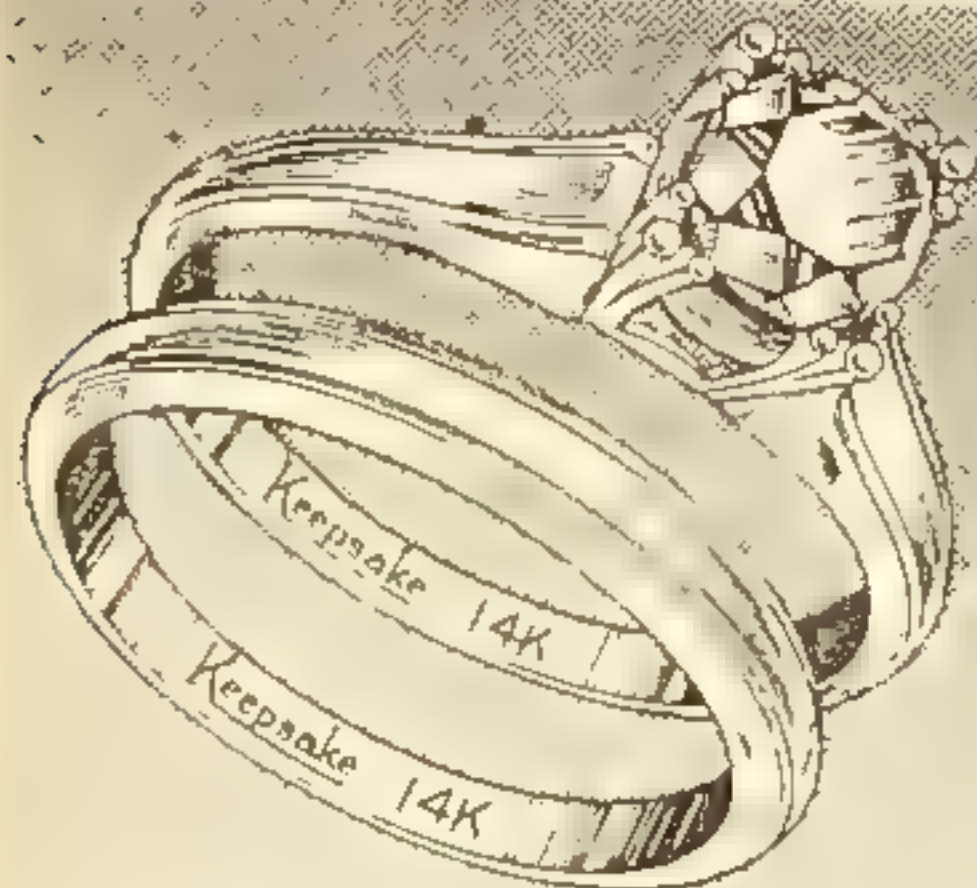
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Brenda Marshall is my next choice. I think she must surely be the choice of almost any man who appreciates fine qualities in a woman. I'll never forget Brenda when she worked with me for the first time in "The Sea Hawk." Was she nervous! I couldn't understand at first why she should be so nervous. Then someone told me it was because I was a big star to her, and she was only a beginner. I had to laugh at that, for her stage work certainly qualified her as more of a drama student than I.

I had heard that she was afraid to go up and talk to me, so one day I found out that she was in wardrobe trying on her costumes for "The Sea Hawk." I walked in and simply said, "Brenda, I'm very glad you're going to be in this picture with me. I know we'll get along very well."

But my first impression of Brenda was the lasting one. When she first came on the lot, she was taken around to meet the Warner players, as is the custom of the studio. When she was introduced to me, I was struck with her beauty and, at the same time, with her shy reserve. Here was no brash young girl with picture ambitions. She was simply a demure young lady who had the stamp of success about her. When she left, I was sure that I had met an actress who could not be defeated. She had that certain fire in her.

A woman can be shy and reserved and still be interesting, provided she has that indefinable something that sets her apart from the usual reserved type. As I look back on our first meeting, I think it was a sincerity coupled with a quiet elegance that made Brenda different. There has always been a regal air about her, a thoughtfulness that intrigues even a casual observer. In short, she was then and has been ever since a real lady.

Some other young actress getting her start in pictures might have been too effusive so she would be noticed. But Brenda is not that type. There's nothing obvious about her at all. She has never tried to perform beyond her scope or act unnatural. And a woman who can be natural, refined, and yet subtly feminine is indeed a sensational woman in Hollywood or any place.

Susan Peters, who was Susanne Carnahan before the studio changed her name, is my fifth choice. Susan appeared with me in a small part in "Santa Fe Trail." She was just a high school girl who had had a break, but when I saw her act in a scene with Ronald Reagan, I was convinced that she had the ability to make a promising actress. When I saw the rushes of her work, I was even more interested in her. Certainly she has one of the brightest futures of any young starlet in Hollywood.

Not only is Susan a strikingly beautiful blonde, but she has a vivaciousness, a sparkle that affects everyone who meets her. It is impossible to talk to her for even five minutes without feeling a lift and a new brightness within yourself. She has that great asset of projecting her own personality into another person. Susan is also capricious along with her vivaciousness. But she is not the giddy, false type. She is no mass of jittery gaiety. She is simply a girl who continually finds something in this world to smile about, and anyone knows how rare that kind of person is today. Her infectious charm and her enthusiasm are like a tonic to everyone.

Perhaps these qualities do not exactly make her a sensational type in the true sense of the word, but they do set her widely apart from most young girls of today who so often combine either an obvious jocundity or an animation that reminds one of a canary on a spree with a natural falseness that cannot be disguised.

Probably few of you have heard of my sixth nomination, for she's not a glamor girl. In fact, she is 78 years young! Her

name is Mrs. Helen Strong Carter.

Mrs. Carter is the wife of the ex-governor of the Hawaiian Islands. I was invited to her home on my last trip to Hawaii, and since that time, she and I have been the best of friends. Every week we exchange letters, in which we tell each other what has been happening to us. Recently, when she came to San Francisco, she called me in Hollywood—and what a bill we ran up for the telephone company! As a matter of fact, we have become so chummy that I even call her "Aunty" now.

After our first meeting, she helped me out on a real estate deal I was contemplating. She knew I was interested in buying a ranch in Hawaii as so many of the Hollywood stars are doing, so she recommended a certain Hue-Hue ranch as a good buy. I didn't even investigate the matter after that. Her word was good enough for me. That's what is so wonderful about Mrs. Carter. She is a person who is so completely trustworthy and sincere that her word is never doubted. As a result, her friends have every confidence in her. I know that I have. No matter what she told me, I'd believe her. And that is not exactly a common trait in most women. She also stands apart from other women because I have never heard her carry tales about anyone. A lady who doesn't gossip is decidedly sensational, and few can dispute that opinion.

Aunty's faculty for staying young and interested in everything is another characteristic that endears her to people. Usually, she's far ahead of her younger friends on matters of current—or even past—importance. Her keen mind makes her a brilliant conversationalist and a sharp student of the many type of personages that roam the country in a dither. To put anything over on Aunty Carter is impossible. She's always a jump ahead of you.

Because she is interested in everyone and everything, she is probably one of the most generous persons I know. She is always anxious to help anyone who needs it, either in actual money or, as is the case at times, in advice. The lavish gifts she gives her friends are the talk of Hawaii. But let anyone deceive her or try to "use" her, and she makes short work of such a false friendship. Above all her admirable characteristics, one seems to stand supreme—her complete democratic outlook upon society itself. Her money means nothing to her, except to make others happy. And, therefore, she is never impressed by her own enviable position in society. Yes, Aunty Carter is one woman who is honestly sensational.

Also in Hawaii, there is another woman who has been a close and loyal friend of mine for three or four years. Everyone knows who Doris Duke is. Doris, like Mrs. Carter, is also extremely democratic, a trait which many may not be able to understand. But on the many occasions I have visited her, I have never seen her act the snob. She does not care a hoot for celebrities, and you'll usually discover her with about four or five of the most unimportant people she can find.

I met Doris at a dinner party in Hollywood given by Mrs. Jack Warner. That was about four years ago. I have not changed my opinion of her one bit since.

Not so long ago, I introduced her to Lt. James Robb of the U.S. Naval Air Force. He is a dive bomber pilot. The three of us had some wonderful times when we were in Hawaii, and when I returned to the States, Jimmy stayed behind. I have heard since that he and Doris have become slightly more than friends. It wouldn't surprise me if I were called to act as best man at a wedding. This, however, is merely one man's intuition.

Doris Duke is a worldly woman, to be sure. And she is a genuine sophisticate.

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But the trappings of her existence have not submerged the colorful personality that she is, a beautiful, intelligent, and honest woman.

Most men wouldn't think of including their secretary in their list of their ten Pet Women, but my right hand Friday, Inez Prober, has been just that—my right hand and a darned provocative person. Inez was hired some time ago by my business manager, Walter O. Heinze, and she proved very efficient. She has been working for me for about three years. She pays the servants, handles all household expenses, watches my budget, and, in fact, does everything to relieve me of business worries.

Recently, I was in Dallas for the British War Relief. Before I was to return, I discovered that I had lost \$640 in cash. I couldn't imagine where it had gone, and was ready to give it up as gone when Inez began to question me. "What did you do? . . . Where were you at such and such a time? . . ." These are other questions were thrown at me. Nothing shed any light. So, on her own, she contacted the manager of the Dallas Athletic Club where I had been the night before. She asked him about every move I had made. He mentioned that I had taken a steam bath. Immediately, she told him to look in my safe deposit box. Each person who takes a steam bath, you see, has such a box with a number that corresponds to his room number. Sure enough, hidden far in the back was my money.

Anyone who is so efficient and painstaking could not be left off such a list. She's as important to me as the checks of mine that she handles. And just as necessary. She is one secretary who never complains about the amount of work she has to do and she has plenty of it.

Gwynne Pickford Ernst is a memorable person to me because she is about the only woman for whom I played Cupid. I met her through one of my closest friends, Bud Ernst. He had been trying to convince Gwynne that he was the man in her life, but she felt she was still young enough to decide for herself. She is about twenty-one now. Well, one day, Bud brought her over to see me. I liked everything about her, but especially her genuineness. It didn't take me long to tell her what a great bet Bud was, and how wonderful matrimony could be. I really courted her for Bud. When at last the deal was turned, I lent them my Packard racer so they could elope in a hurry.

Whenever Lili is away, I dine with Gwynne and Bud several times a week, and I wouldn't think of going on a yachting trip without them. While I was in San Diego on location for "Dive Bomber," they flew down one week-end to go with me on a short trip on my boat.

Why do I single out Gwynne? Because she is loyalty personified, because she has been a great wife to my best friend, and because she is so utterly likable in every respect. Her friends think she is generous. She is. But Gwynne Pickford Ernst is a sensational woman to me because she is such a level-headed beauty. A woman without a false trait about her.

I don't mean to imply that Darcy Vargas is the least significant of the women I have named because I am placing her last. Not at all. If anything, she is the most strikingly individual of the lot.

Darcy Vargas is the wife of the President of Brazil. I met her on my last trip to South America. She is extremely attractive, a smart dresser, a marvelous hostess, and a woman who can handle capably any situation that may arise in her politically involved life.

She met me at the Clipper when I arrived, and, naturally, I was very impressed by such a courtesy. A few nights after I landed, she gave a wonderful dinner party for me in Rio de Janeiro. I also had tea at the Copacabana Palace Hotel with a party of thirty or thirty-five people.

Being the wife of the President of as great a country as Brazil is no easy job. Tact, diplomacy, graciousness, and poise are demanded. Darcy Vargas is known in her country for those characteristics. I was intrigued by her poise and graciousness, but it was her diplomacy that interested me. Such diplomacy has been acquired not only from a cultured background but from an alertness to the problems of her position in politics and in Brazilian life in general. She graces her husband's career with as much distinction as he graces his work as Brazil's President.

Darcy Vargas is an impressive woman in an impressive world, a woman who is at ease in the most delicate situations. But she is a colorful personality because, despite her high state in life, she has not lost touch with the other part of the world, the unheralded and often unnoticed part. She is a true example of womanhood at its finest.

So there you have the list and the qualities almost any man admires in a woman. The exciting, unpredictable, impulsive, and beautiful Lili Damita; the carefree sophistication and poise of glamorous Olivia de Havilland; the tolerant, sympathetic, and superb hostess, Ann Warner; the sincerity, the ambition, and the elegance of Brenda Marshall; the infectious charm and enthusiasm of Susan Peters; the young in mind and spirit Mrs. Helen Strong Carter, the supreme example of democratic womanhood; the worldly sophisticate but genuinely real Doris Duke; the efficiency of Inez Prober; the loyalty of lovely Gwynne Pickford Ernst; and the colorful and graciously adaptable Darcy Vargas.

A Crime to Exploit Child Stars?

Continued from page 23

children into pictures may differ, I believe the primary reason is the same in every instance and that my own case and Jane's is typical. MONEY!

I married young because my husband and I were so desperately in love with each other we couldn't—or wouldn't—wait any longer. He was making \$250 a month working for a tire company. Our tastes were, and are, simple and we felt we could get along beautifully on that. And we did—until Jane came. As a matter of fact, we got along beautifully *after* she arrived!

When she was three we noticed she had what we considered an extraordinary talent for entertaining. She could sing and dance and her imitations of friends and celebrities were what is flatteringly called "murderous." We lived in Atlanta, Georgia, and whenever one of the local broadcasting stations had need of a child Jane's age they sent for her.

As I said, I married my husband because I loved him, not because he was a Croesus or economic genius. I think the backbone of our country is made up of men like Mr. Withers—good, solid, substantial citizens who pay their taxes, serve on juries, assist during community fund drives, do a good job of their jobs, give their children a good schooling and mainly occupy themselves with being good husbands and fathers.

As Jane grew up both Mr. Withers and I began to dream of the time when she would be a young lady; the time when she would be old enough to go to college, to dances—to "make her bow to society" (although poor people do not use that expression).

Not every person is a genius and no aspersion is cast upon him for his lack in this direction. Nor can every man be a financial wizard and neither should any aspersion be cast upon him for that. Should I have refused to marry Mr. Withers when I loved him because he was not rich and because *if* we had a child he might not be able to give it all the advantages rich people give their children? I'd have been an awful snob if I had!

Mr. Withers and I both knew we would make every sacrifice we could for Jane—give her everything we could possibly give her. But we also knew that no matter how we scrimped and saved—no matter how much we denied ourselves—we would never be able to give her all the things we wanted her to have. Two hundred and fifty dollars a month can only be made to go so far. We realized, too, that the more we scrimped and saved for her teen age, the more we would have to deny her during those vaunted "golden childhood hours." We could deny ourselves and give to her when she was little or we could deny ourselves *and* her when she was small and send her to college. But after college she would still have had to look for a job.

Neither of us is outstanding. We are simply average American parents. We wanted the best for our child but there seemed no way of our being able to give it to her. If Mr. Withers were lucky he might finally work up to \$350 a month and we might be able to put by a competence for our old age.

Then we discovered this remarkable talent in Jane. It was not Mr. Withers and I who are responsible for her being in Hollywood. It is the managers of the theaters and broadcasting stations in Atlanta. When she was about four they began



Beautiful Frances Gifford and Tom Neal, her handsome hero in Republic's exciting serial, "Jungle Girl," were caught by the roving camera reporter enjoying an extra-long, cool drink. We went dry watching them perform their daring feats.



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telling me, "It's a crime not to give that child a chance. She'll do *big* things in Hollywood—if she ever gets a break."

My husband and I talked it over. "Jane and I could live nicely on \$100 a month," I told him.

"Try it for a few months," he agreed.

So Jane and I came to Hollywood and lived on \$100 a month. On the other \$150 of his salary Mr. Withers kept up his life insurance premiums, met the payments on our car and home in Atlanta, fed and clothed himself.

We came to Hollywood when Jane was not quite six, armed with letters of introduction from every exhibitor in Atlanta. It was kind and generous of them to give us those letters—but they didn't help.

I cannot say our time was up and our trunk packed to return to Atlanta when the break came. It would be dramatic—but untrue. But we *had* been out here six or seven months, getting nowhere, when a neighbor invited us to drive out to the old Fox studio. David Butler, a director, saw Jane and said he could use her for extra work in "Handle With Care." That was the opening wedge and for the next year she worked fairly regularly, playing extras, bits and small parts at a salary ranging from \$5 to \$25 a day.

It was through these bits that she went on the radio again, working in a serial. She was called "The Pest." And, paradoxically, it was through her work on the air that James Ryan, casting director at Fox, contacted her and signed her for the part of a little meanie in "Bright Eyes"—after testing over two hundred children. After that picture was finished the studio put Jane under contract at \$150 a week. From that day to this Jane, herself, has insisted that her father keep his money for himself.

After the picture was released and Jane

was a hit, her agent came to me and wanted me to ask for more money for Jane. I said, "No. I realize she's a hit and if I struck it would probably end by them giving her \$500 a week and that would seem like all the money in the world to me and I'd take it. But I want to give the studio time and a chance to make money out of Jane before I ask them for anything and then I'm sure they'll give it to her."

She was starved soon after that but she worked a year at \$150 a week. Then they raised her to \$1,000. And all during the time she was getting \$1,000 a week, \$500 of it was saved. Her state and federal income taxes, her agent's fees and our living expenses came out of the other \$500.

Jane has always been a sensible child and she has always been fully aware of the sacrifice her father made to send her to Hollywood. Of all the things about Jane I'm proud of—and there are many—the thing I'm proudest of is that when I told her how much would be left of the \$500 a week we were keeping out of her salary after running expenses were paid, she said, "Gee, mom, we can live on that easily. I want daddy to save his money for himself."

As I was out here with Jane, in her interests, I felt it no more than just that my living expenses should come out of her salary. Older stars have secretaries and companions whom they pay and there is no adverse criticism. I was both of these rolled into one and my living expenses cost her far less than stars pay employees occupying those positions. Meantime, Mr. Withers was still in Atlanta with the tire company.

Jane's savings began to mount and the bank was looking for investments. The manager of the bank with whom we did business had always taken a great interest

in Jane and I had told him something of our private circumstances. He asked me to drop in and see him. He said, "We are looking for an investment for Jane's money. We think it would be a good investment for her to lend Mr. Withers some money at the usual rate of interest and let him, with what he has saved, start a business of his own out here. We don't think it would be risking her money."

So Jane lent her father the money needed, in addition to his own, and he started in business for himself. While his name is still not spoken of in hushed tones in financial circles, he has met with gratifying success and every cent he borrowed from Jane has been repaid "at the usual rate of interest."

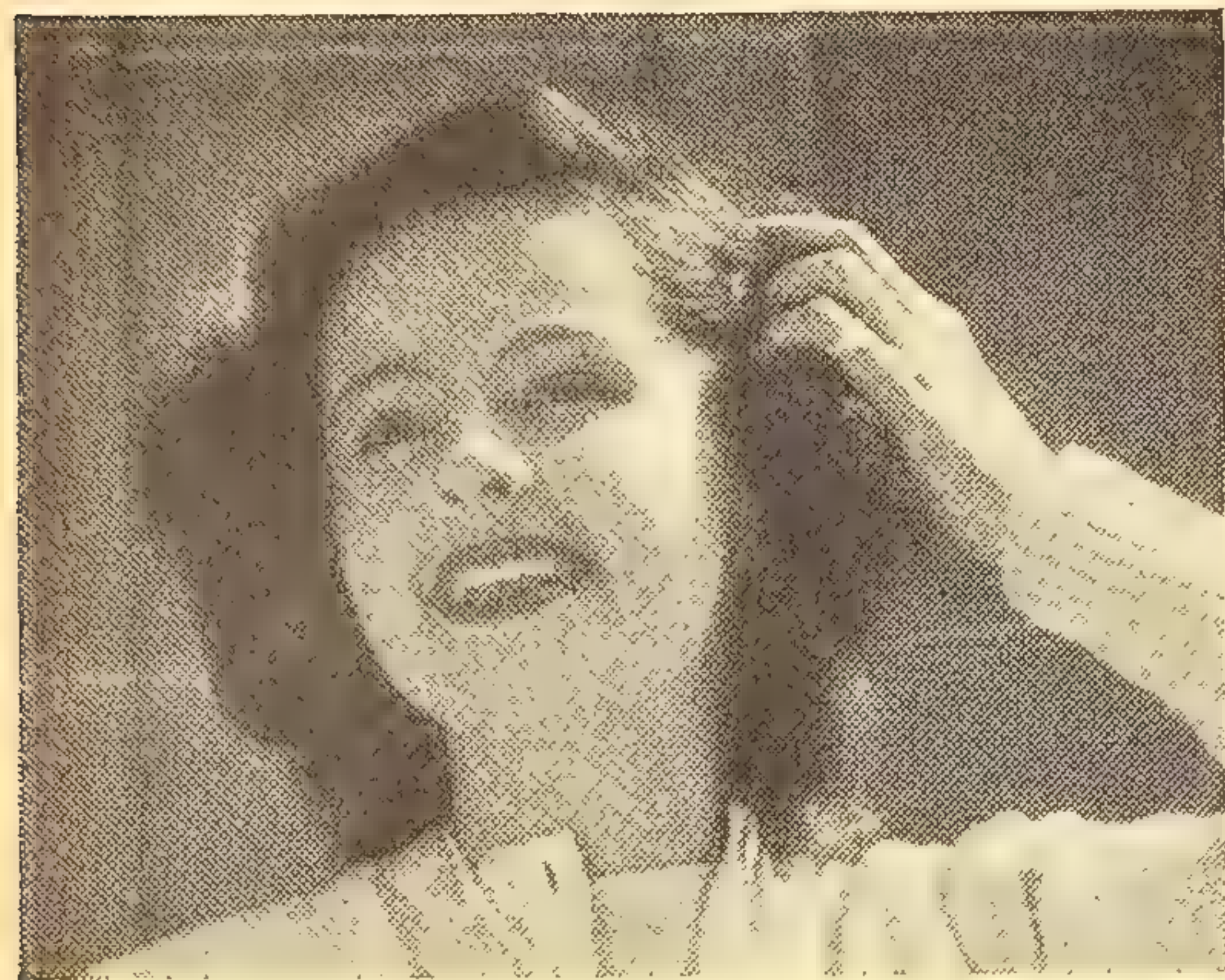
Almost ever since Jane was made a star the studio has paid me a salary for being on the set with her. It more than meets my own requirements and I earn it. I oversee her wardrobe, her make-up, her hair-dress and see to it that she knows her lines. Consequently, neither Mr. Withers nor I feel we have ever taken advantage of Jane's earnings.

One day we were out driving and passed the place where we now live. It was built as a model home and was open and for sale. Jane begged to go inside. She rather whimsically informed us it was her "dream house." After we had looked around a bit it was mine, too, for not only was it a beautiful house, it was a model of convenience and practicality. We consulted the bank and they bought it for her as they considered it a good investment. As it is her house and she is well able to afford it, we did not feel called upon to share in the payments, but the three of us go share and share alike in its upkeep, so we still are not living off Jane's income.

So much for that. Now I'd like to take up this business of "no normal childhood

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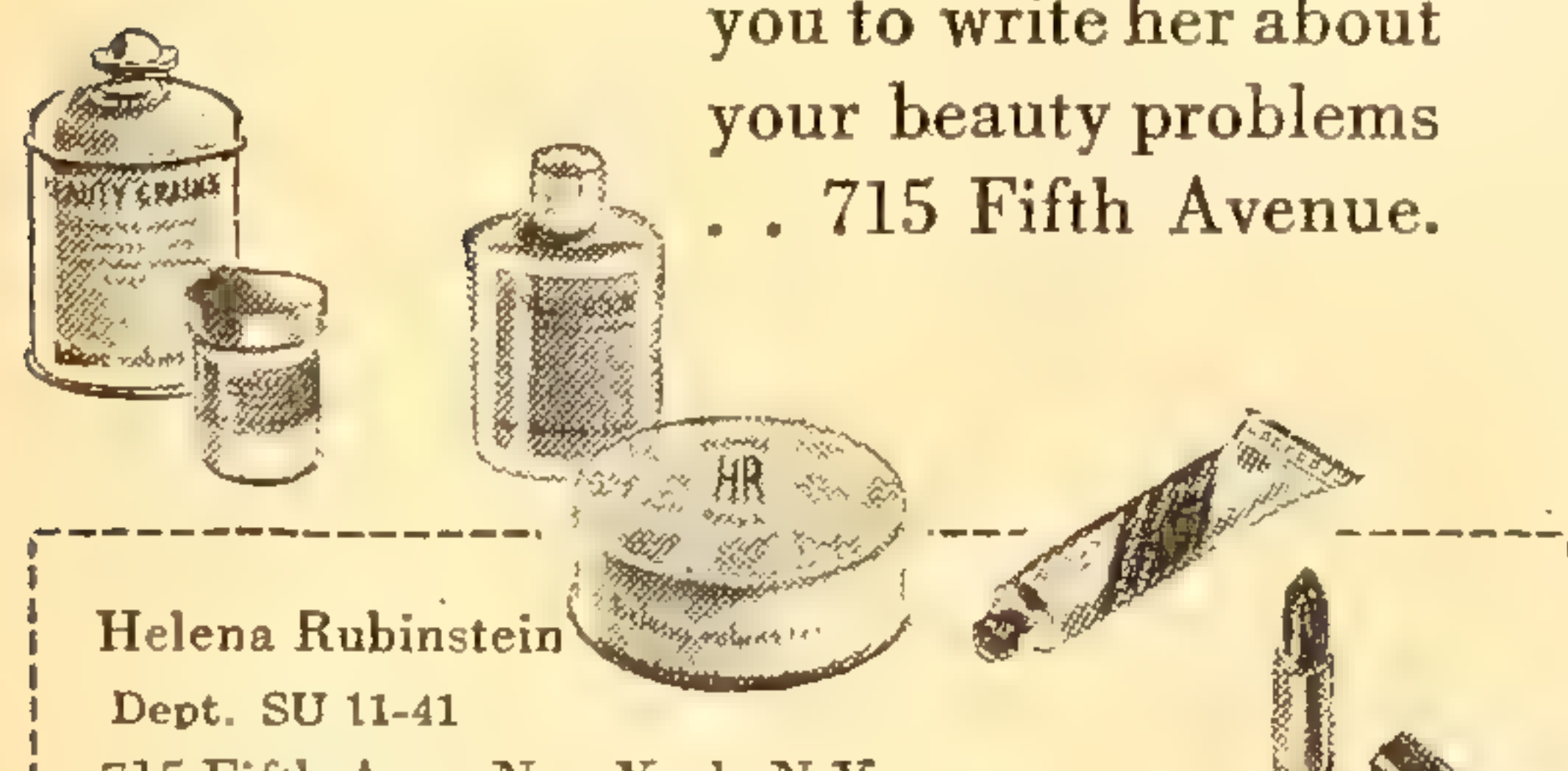
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for movie children." It's interesting.

Jane, like every other movie child I know, would have gone to public schools. On account of the number of children in a class, none of them receives a great deal of individual instruction. The studio employs a special tutor for children on the lot. In the case of stars, each child has a tutor of her own. The state insists upon it and the studio pays the teacher's salary. So she is really getting a better education than she would if she were not in pictures.

As to over-work, not only the Gerry Society (which used to be the nemesis of theatrical producers) but most states have very stringent laws about the number of hours a child may work. In Jane's case, she reports to the studio at 9:00 in the morning and *never* stays later than 5:30—usually only until 5:00. So the most time she ever puts in is nine and a half hours. But out of this she gets an hour for lunch (when she rests). Three hours are devoted to schooling and another hour comes out for recreation. So, actually, she *works* only four or at most four and a half hours a day—far shorter hours than many children not in pictures put in on other jobs.

So far as making fudge and playing tag are concerned, Jane, as I said, is always through work by 5:30 and after that she can play tag to her heart's content. She can make fudge whenever she feels like it. Often, after dinner at night, when her next day's lines have been learned (her lessons are studied on the set between shots so there is never any homework to be prepared) she will say, "I want to bake a cake."

There are few households in this country, in circumstances similar to what ours would have been if Jane had not gone into pictures, where even the most indulgent mother can let her child go into the kitchen and take charge of half a dozen eggs, butter and other ingredients without having to think it over.

She can have parties as often as she likes when she's between pictures or over weekends. In fact, a weekend seldom passes that she doesn't have from twenty to thirty of her friends out for a swimming party. They love to cook hot-dogs over the barbecue pit. We could never have afforded such things for her if she hadn't entered movies.

She loves pets and has around two hundred dogs, chickens, birds, squirrels, etc., in her private zoo. We could never have allowed her to have all those pets if she weren't making the money she is.

Since she bought the place where we live, we have added a large bath-house with a rumpus room in the center. Upstairs are several rooms which will be converted into guest rooms when she is older. At present there is one guest suite. The other room

houses her collection of dolls. She has around twelve hundred that actors with whom she has worked have given her and that fans all over the world have sent her. They mean a great deal to her. Not only would she never have accumulated so many if she hadn't been in pictures, but if she had we would have had no place to put them.

I don't mean to say a collection of dolls is an excuse for putting a child into pictures. I merely say it is one of the pleasures that work in pictures brings and which would otherwise be denied a child.

So far as not having a normal childhood is concerned, it seems to me Jane is having far more fun during her childhood than she would have if she weren't in pictures. I don't believe anyone who has met Jane and seen her buoyant, cheerful disposition would argue she isn't having a happy, normal childhood.

There is more truth than poetry to the old saying that you can't eat your cake and have it, too. Jane could have had an average, so-called "normal" childhood and then gone out to make her own way. Or she could work (as she is doing now) and have a bright, golden future assured her. If she never worked again she could live comfortably on her income the rest of her life.

And, when she is a little older, if she meets some nice young boy and falls in love with him they will never have to worry about whether they can "afford" to marry.

It seems to me she has profited tremendously by working in pictures without having sacrificed a single thing.

I can't honestly advise any mother who thinks her child had outstanding talent to keep him or her away from Hollywood if she is equipped financially to weather the period of waiting. But she must be sure the child *has* outstanding ability.

People write and ask how Jane got her break. I always remember a paragraph from an autobiography Fannie Hurst once wrote. She compared one's goal to a speck far off on the horizon. As you march along the road that speck grows larger and larger and finally takes form. She ended by saying, "There are no two roads alike that lead to Rome. Every pilgrim is his own pathfinder if he would know the glory of seeing that speck out there on the horizon quiver, ray and break into star points. I haven't found success to be a hollow bubble or shekels tin. Success, even the outer rim of it, is carpeted in star-dust and cheap at any price!"

I can't tell you how to put your child into pictures. I only know that when they go over and you know they've won for themselves things *you* could never give them, it's more wonderful than any dream you've ever had.

She's Blitzing Father Time!

Continued from page 51

Gloria Somborn, who looks like her mother, and Joseph, who doesn't.

The Swanson picture career moved on apace, shaking loose the bonds of matrimony in its rush. About 1926 Gloria was dispatched to France by Paramount to make an ambitious version of "Mme. Sans Gene." The home office decided that it needed something big to bring it in with a flourish. What could be better by way of launching the new picture than having a brand new Marquis arrive with it? Gloria did it. But brown. She steamed up the bay as the Marquise de la Falais de la Coudraye (stop me if I'm off-key) and anybody who met her in those mad, regal days will never forget the experience. She made royalty seem commonplace. She re-

served floors at hotels, not suites. Her whim was of iron.

Before many pictures had succeeded "Sans Gene" Connie Bennett relieved Gloria of her Marquis, and before you could turn the page of the roto section there was young Michael Farmer leading Gloria down the aisle. He was the father of Michele. In a few months he was out of the picture, but this sketchy scenario is furnished to give a columnist's view of the Swanson way. She is dynamic, sharp-witted, and as vivid as they come, pictorially. Now after a decade of globe-trotting she has come back to pictures in a comedy called "Father Takes a Wife."

High noon is death to glamour, but Gloria took the hurdle like a thoroughbred.

Her apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, abutting the Park, seemed to be on the Louis Quinze side, with none of the half-dozen carved chairs scattered about comfortable enough to sit in. Full-length oil portraits of Gloria and Joseph graced opposite walls. Oversized match packets marked G S on the tables. Telegrams and flowers bespeaking the sought-after woman littered the room pleasantly. A secretary bubbled about lowering shades and closing doors. Gloria was a few minutes late.

"I was with Michele," she said. "I'm making it a point to see a lot of her. When Gloria was young I had a governess take care of her. That was a great mistake. The woman really became so attached to the child that she began to think she was her mother. It made for a highly unpleasant situation."

"I was career-building then. I guess I'll always be career-building. When I wasn't concerned with pictures I launched other enterprises. I simply can't be inactive and lazy. Life is action to me. There must be something going on all the time. If there's a lull, I manage to start something. But Michele will have my companionship. I'll not make the same mistake twice. Would you like to see her?"

Michele Farmer is a slim, bright child with bangs and laughing eyes. She had seen her mother on the screen for the very first time the evening before. "I liked her," she said. "I enjoyed the picture, too. I didn't go to sleep once."

In the afterglow of her success with De Mille, Gloria attempted to produce her own pictures, with indifferent success. One was "Perfect Understanding," made in London. Gloria was a success socially in the English capital but her picture fell flatter than a cookbook cake.

"That's when I decided to do 'Queen Kelly,'" she said with a wry smile. "Queen Kelly" was that dream of every actor's life, a picture to be made just the way the actor wanted it, without production brakes or front office restrictions.

"We put everything in that but the kitchen stove," said Gloria. "Raoul Walsh collaborated on it with me and then after shooting a hundred reels and the entire bankroll we found we had half a picture, very little of which would have passed the censors..." It was the most extravagant gesture in a career studded with such gestures. "I think it's safe to call it the most expensive picture that was never released," said Gloria, "but please let's not say another word about it."

Swanson has a daintily arrogant manner, a pretty disdain. She is definite in her views, and completely unconcerned whether you share them with her. She is a feminist, an individualist, and a show-woman.

If you are looking for split personalities, hers is exhibit A. She talks straight facts about business matters, then it occurs to her that she is a glamour girl again, being interviewed, and she gives out with something like this: "I don't see many pictures because they take so much out of me. When I watch a film I positively project myself into the character of the heroine, and I suffer with her, share her sorrows, and struggle with her over her problems. I go out of the theater completely exhausted. I've been through everything the cast has been through!"

Of course while she is talking you are permitted to watch her electric grey-green eyes, lighted from some inner dynamo. You may admire her determined chin and her vivid mouth with prominent white teeth, flashing and attractive. You note that the backs of her hands are smooth; no signs of age here. There are no lines on her face, no crow's feet, no tiny bags under the eyes. Life has been full for Swanson but Nature has been kind. She says moderation is the thing.



"It just isn't fair!"

IS THIS YOU...with the extra long face...feeling sorry for yourself?

You...with the date of your life for today's game and the big dance afterwards. Any other girl would give a full week's allowance to be in your wedgies!

But you're all worry and woe, ready to give up. There's no justice...it *had* to be today!

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"It's nothing new, but it still is the best beauty treatment. Drink one cocktail, not six. Stay out dancing until one, not four. Sleep eight hours every night, not occasionally. You can't sleep three hours one night, then make up for it by staying in bed the next day. You'll suffer from that sort of thing."

In 1919 I interviewed Gloria when she was being built up by De Mille. In those days she wore leopard loin cloths and a pair of cigarette trays, and posed with a lion breathing down her neck, all for Art's sake. When an impressionable young man met her he did a gee-whiz story called "Hitting On All Sex." But Gloria wasn't interested in reminiscing.

Although cordial enough, she gave the impression that she would get along swimmingly whether her picture career resumed or not. She was calm in her estimate of the picture, cool in her enthusiasm about returning, cautious in committing herself to any bombshell opinions.

She smoked cigarettes in a long holder, drank ice-water, wore a light silk blouse and tweedy skirt. Her hair was tousled, Titian, and tomboyish. But there is nothing else masculine about Gloria. She is Eve, after eating that apple.

"I'm forty-two," she admitted challengingly. "I don't see why that should put anyone on the shelf. I won't attempt school girl parts. But I daresay I have several good pictures in me. After all, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne have been making pictures consistently for some time. They aren't considered passé. If you deliver, the public will buy."

Since making her last picture, some years ago, Gloria has not been idle. She has headed up Multiprises, which as the ingenious name implies covers a variety of interests, chief of which is a plastic gadget plant.

"It would be better perhaps not to mention Multiprises," she said. "People send in the damndest things to patent. Most of them are brainstorm. And I'm too busy to weed out the likely ones. I have a big payroll to take care of. It's a real responsibility. Right now we're making certain parts for defense industries. I can't go into detail but it's fascinating. Of course if I go on with pictures I shall have to delegate my duties to someone at the plant. But I must keep busy or I don't thrive."

Even when not in pictures Gloria has managed to keep her name before the public. A few years ago she had a blazing transcontinental romance with Herbert Marshall, denying reports that he would be divorced, but always making copy.

When Gloria plays President of Multiprises she is as hard as an associate producer. At a recent meeting of the committee on ways and means, plans were discussed, production details outlined. Finally Madame President grew exasperated.

"To hell with what's on schedule for production," she said tersely. "Tell us what's ready for distribution."

When the RKO picture was started Swanson's initial appearance was cheered by extras, grips and onlookers alike, but it was not many days before reports had Menjou and his *vis a vis* at one another's throats. Temperament was on display and green-eyed monsters rampant. All this probably had more than a grain of truth behind it, because Adolphe can be difficult upon occasion, and certainly Gloria is no repressed ingénue. But in a few days tranquillity reigned, the picture was in, and with better than average notices, the Swanson career was on the upswing.

If you run across her at the Colony, lunching with her board of directors, take my tip and lay off 1919. Stick to 1941. She's got a future to reckon with, this glamour girl who started the racket.



Adorable Carolyn Lee is only pretending to be sleepy. She's really wide-awake and is merely wearing this old-fashioned nightie for a scene in Paramount's "Birth of the Blues."

Nuts to You Bud and Lou

Continued from page 25

Now, seen close-to, it was apparent that success had not spoiled them. Although in their irrepressible exuberance on the set they seemed occasionally to get a bit out of hand, the fact was that their keen-eyed director, Arthur Lubin, not above enjoying the fun, always had them at the snap of his fingers. Only John Grant remained smileless. Pale and drawn, Grant showed that being official author to Abbott and Costello was a tragic trade. So far as that goes, it was pretty tough for me when the boys cut loose in what might laughingly be called an interview.

"You know me, kid, safety first," Bud opened up. "I'll sit you in between us."

"Then we gotcha right where we wantcha," gloated Lou.

"Don't kill him in here," advised Bud. "Wait till we get him outside, where it won't be so messy."

They ganged up on me so fast I was lost for words. But *they* weren't. Costello was a verbal rubber ball, fairly bouncing with words, while Abbott wasn't exactly tongue-tied. With every prospect of a fight, I desperately asked if they had picked each other for size.

"I have to hold him when they get the

wind machine on him," remarked Costello with a scornful glance at his side-kick, "or else he'd blow away."

"Is that so?" sneered Abbott. "Is that so? Well, let me tell you something. There's nothing skinny about me. I weigh a hundred and sixty."

"Huh!" sniffed Lou. "Me, I'm a hun'erd an' ninety-five. I could take it off, but I love to eat. Still an' all, it'd be easy for me get down to a hun'erd an' thirty-five like I ust to be eight years ago, an' one o' these days I'm gonna do it."

"Like hell you are!" roared Abbott. "You want to ruin me? Why, do you realize," and he turned to me, "that every pound on that guy is worth dough to me, big dough? And I'm going to keep it there, no matter what it costs me. Every time I get him in a restaurant I keep pushing steaks in his face."

"It ain't steaks that does it," murmured Costello. "It's pie ally mode—y'know, with gobs of ice cream on top of it. Boy, can I use that stuff!"

"I don't care what it is," snapped Abbott, "just so long as you don't let yourself get run down."

"Mebbe," conceded Lou, "I'll stay like I am. I guess people kinda take to me that way. A while ago I'm at a preview of one of our pictures an' settin' right behind two ladies. Course, they ain't wise to me bein' so close to 'em. But when they see me on the screen, one lady says to the other lady sweetlike, 'Isn't he cute? I'd like to pick him up and hug him.' I wanted to hop up, drop in her lap, an' say, 'Here I am!'"

"If you had," drily remarked Bud, "that's what you'd have been saying a little later down at the jail."

It may have been selfish, but it was a great relief to have them fighting between themselves instead of rounding on me. This feeling was strengthened when I learned that Costello, starting at 15, had been in fourteen prize-fights and won twelve of them. It didn't matter in the least to me that he added, "Just amachoor." But all that time he had hankered to be an actor, attributing this stirring of histrionic blood in his veins to the fact that his grandfather had been a minstrel man. He and Abbott now had been together for eleven years after meeting at a Minsky burlesque house in New York. Lou had said, "You come right from heaven," but Bud said, "No, Brooklyn." Then they discovered they had both been born in New Jersey, Abbott at Asbury Park, the proud son of a circus press agent and a bareback rider, Costello at Paterson of an Italian father and Irish mother.

"My real name's Cristello," Lou informed me. "I changed it when I came to Hollywood in 1927 and was a stunt man in 'Old Kentucky,' with Helen Costello. That was because I admired her and that Maurice Costello was my favorite actor."

When I asked both to name their favorite actor of today, they said in the same breath, "Him," "Him," and pointed across me at each other. They weren't overlooking any bets. As to Costello's favorite actress, he promptly announced, "My little daughter. She's two-and-a-half. Didja see 'In the Navy?' Well, she was the one in the baby carriage who pulled the letter outa the hood an' handed it to me. My second favorite actress is Rosalind Russell."

(Hi-ya, Roz, take a bow!)

Abbott was cagey concerning his first, second or even third favorite actress, saying, "You're not going to get me into that kind of a jam. I know how temperamental actresses are."

"Onct," recalled Costello, "there was a dancer in a burlesque troupe with us who was so temper'mental that she ups an' kicks out her own bridgework."

As both feelingly reviewed other treas-

ured memories of bygone days, I was moved to conclude they must be very happy over their present enormous success.

"I lay in bed at three or four in the morning," confessed Lou, an' keep sayin' 'Am I lucky!'"

"Nobody thanks his God more than I do," fervently declared Bud. "Remember that, brother."

"An' now when I lay in bed," resumed Lou reminiscently, "I think back to the nights I ust to sleep in an old Ford parked on a side-street over by M-G-M, where I was workin' as a laborer. That saved me room rent. I gotta swell new trailer now, but I sleep at home with my wife and two kids."

"I've got a wife and two dogs," said Bud. "Dogs are more permanent than kids. I mean, kids grow up, get married, and leave home. Dogs get married, too, but they don't leave home."

"Funny, this marryin' bus'ness," philosophized Lou. "One day me an' Bud separated a coupla burlesque girls who were havin' a fight, an' now we're tangled up with 'em for life. Yeah, they married us."

"That's the way it goes," sighed Bud. "But Lou and I are still friends and neighbors."

"We live in the Valley, just a coupla acres away," said Costello. "From my place I kin always hear him."

"That's just his echo coming back to him," Abbott assured me.

Lou retorted: "'Cept for the noise Bud makes it's nice an' quiet out there. An' I sure get a lotta pleasure outa my sunflower garden. Expect to make a lotta dough outa it, too."

"Tell him how," prompted Bud, giving me the wink.

"You've heard of seedless raisins," assumed Lou. "Okay. That's what give me the idee. I got feelin' sorry for them

raisins. Why shouldn't they have seeds? It didn't seem fair. An' alla time there was them sunflowers of mine with more seeds than they needed, just lousy with 'em. So I start harvestin' sunflower seeds. I wanta have so many I kin go into this here thing wholesale. Get it? I buy up seedless raisins an' put sunflower seeds in 'em. It ain't that I wanta make a fortune so much as that I wanta give seedless raisins a break."

"People come from miles around just to see his sunflower garden," marveled Bud.

"But my real pet is my gopher bed," said Lou fondly.

"That's really something," assented Bud. "If everything works out well, it will develop one of the great unnatural wonders of the world. Go ahead, kid, and give him a rough idea of the plan."

"Mebbe I better start by tellin' him how the idee comes to me," considered Lou. "Y'know how wives are? Okay. They always wantcha to fix somethin'. 'Fix this, fix that,' that's all you hear, if you're home much. Now, me, I'm a home guy. But who wants to be runnin' around alla time with a saw in one hand an' a hammer in the other? What I like to do is set in a nice easy chair an' relax. But kin I do it? Not a chanct. So I gotta go out an' set on the back steps. Well, I'm out there enjoyin' a high fog when some gophers come up to play. They don't bother me an' I don't bother them, so everything's jake. After a day or so we kinda get acquainted. There's the husband gopher, Bill, an' his wife—Toots, I call her—and their kids, quite a fam'ly. They're indust'rous, too, nothin' lazy about 'em. I set there watchin' 'em dig, an' wham I get the big idee! I'll have them there gophers dig a tunnel from my place to Bud's. Y'see, we both wanta get out o' fixin' things for our wives. So I get me some white chalk an' draw lines on the ground about six

feet wide an' leadin' Bud's way, figurin' the gophers'll dig accordin' to plan. But they don't. Then it comes to me that if unemployed gophers getta job they wanta to be paid for it. But you can't offer a gopher a coupla bucks a day, or whatever the scale is. You gotta pay 'em in vittles. Well, I sneaked one thing an' another outa the kitchen, but they wouldn't go for it. I did a lotta research on the subjeck without gettin' anywheres an' was ready to say the hell with the tunnel when I happened to think of salami. That was their dish. So far, I'm just rehearsin' 'em, but if the salami holds out I figure the gophers will get the underground to Bud's place before the rainy season. Then all we gotta do is cut doors to the tunnel through our cellars, an' when our wives ast us to fix somethin' we just duck an' hide."

"And play rummy," added Bud.

I suspected it was their love of this game that had led them to become Valley neighbors.

"There's more to it than that," said Lou. "Y'know, when you live out in the country, as I did when Bud ust to come an' visit us, your friends are li'ble to repose on you."

"Not re- but im-," corrected Bud, "im-as in imp—impose."

"Re-pose is what I said an' re-pose is what I mean," stoutly maintained Lou. "Like I said, your friends come out from town an' when it's time for 'em to scam they're so tired they wantcha to put 'em up for the night. Why, I remember onct—"

"I'm ready, boys, whenever you are," interrupted the genial director. "Just wanted to speak to you."

"Is that all?" inquired Lou.

"What do you mean, is that all?" barked Bud. "Do you want him to kiss you?"

"I wanted to ask," plaintively explained Lou, "did he speak to the cow?"



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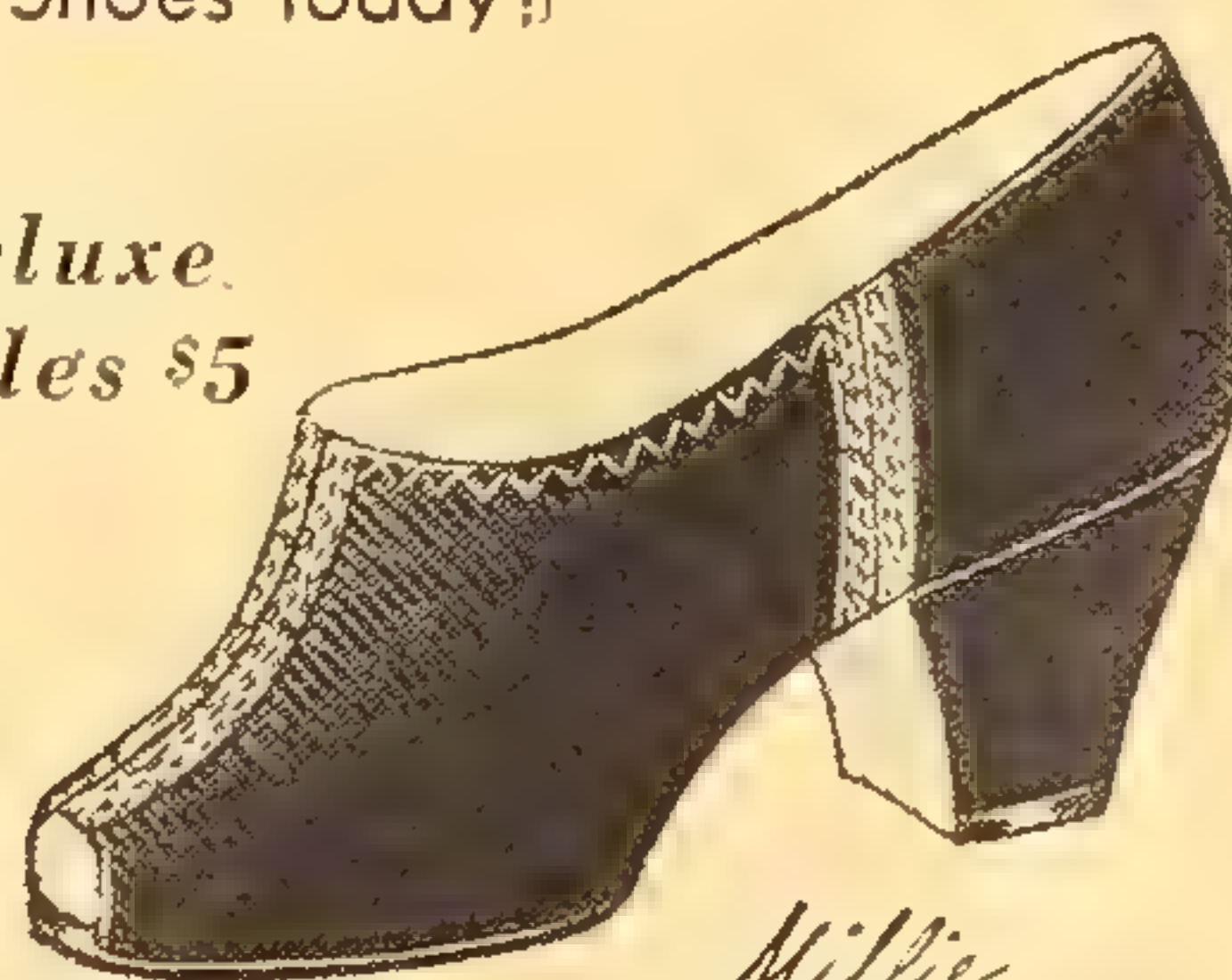
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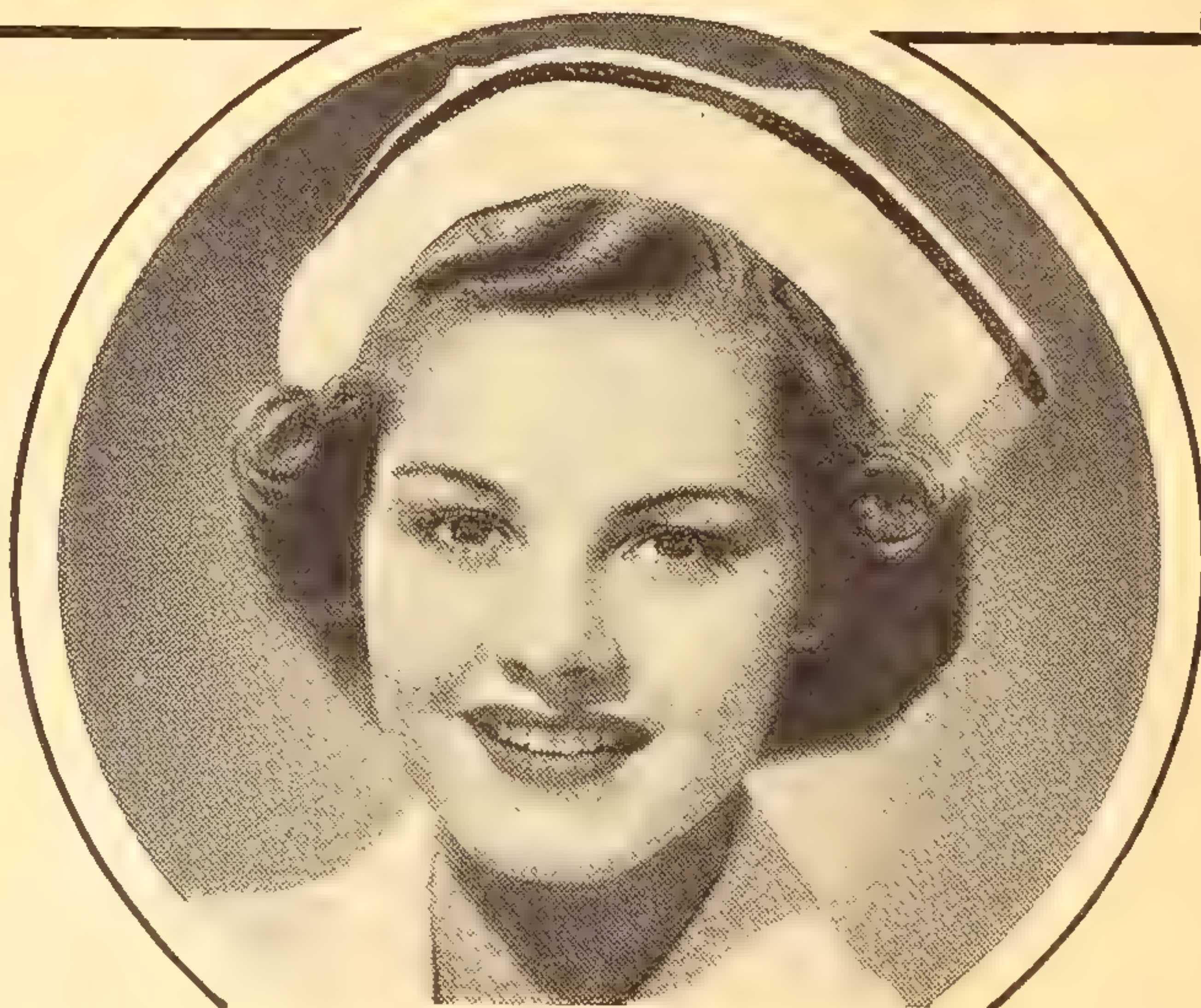
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"Ladies in Retirement"

Continued from page 27

besides all those jewels hidden in the bake oven there were bundles of letters which those men, who had written them in their youth, grown old now and respectable, would pay anything to keep hidden there.

But Ellen hadn't been paying much attention to what Miss Fiske was saying. She was thinking of that letter from Emily and Louisa. They were more like her children those sisters of hers, even though they were older, much older than she. Even as a child she had watched over them, fought for them when people jeered at them. They weren't like other people, those two. They had always been queer in their heads. But the only time Ellen ever roused herself to the white heat of temper was when people were cruel to them or when they threatened to send them to an asylum, just as if they were really *insane* and not quite gentle and harmless, the poor dears.

"Ellen," Miss Fiske said sharply, "you're not paying attention."

"Oh, but I am," Ellen said quickly. "It's only that I'm thinking of this letter from my sisters. They're so unhappy in London, and I was wondering if perhaps you'd allow them down for a little visit some day."

Miss Fiske popped a chocolate cream into her mouth and then she frowned, ignoring Ellen's question completely. "Oh, dear, look what the damp's done," she said, looking at a white spot on her polished wood table and beginning to rub it with her handkerchief. For all that she had been careless enough of her morals she was terribly particular about her things. "Lucy spent all yesterday forenoon polishing this."

But Ellen couldn't be put off this time. The situation was too desperate. Her sisters' landlady had told them they would have to leave as all the other landladies had done one after another. Nobody cared what happened to them, nobody but Ellen. And now Mr. Bates, the hackman, who was driving her to the train, was stopping outside and she had to settle this before she left.

"What I was going to ask was," she said taking a deep breath, "might I bring them back with me?"

"Well, now, Ellen," Miss Fiske pursed her mouth in that way she had when she was going to say no. And then something about Ellen made her reconsider. She looked so desperate, somehow. "Very well, my dear," she sighed. "Let them come for a day or two."

But it couldn't be just for a day or two. Ellen knew that when she went to their lodgings and discovered that the landlady had already sent for the police to take them away. And when she went to the Lambeth police station and they told her that if it ever happened again they would be sent to the insane asylum, she knew she would have to find a way of keeping them with her always.

They were so happy to be with her again and when they told of the things they had gone through, of the way they had been starved and scolded and even beaten, she listened with a frozen horror, her hand holding Louisa's protectingly. Louisa the younger one, the gentler one, Louisa who had been so pretty when she was a girl and who was still pretty in her frail shadowy way was really no trouble at all if one didn't take her fancies too seriously.

But Emily was difficult, even Ellen had to admit that. She was brooding and wild. Sometimes she acted like a sulky child,

"LADIES IN RETIREMENT"

Columbia Pictures. A Lester Cowan Production, in association with Gilbert Miller. Screen play by Garrett Fort and Reginald Denham. Directed by Charles Vidor. With the following cast:

Ellen Creed.....Ida Lupino
Albert Feather.....Louis Hayward
Lucy.....Evelyn Keyes
Emily Creed.....Elsa Lanchester
Louisa Creed.....Edith Barrett
Leonora Fiske.....Isobel Elsom
Sister Theresa.....Emma Dunn
Sister Agatha.....Queenie Leonard
Bates.....Clyde Cook

at other times her face would darken and a strange light would come in her eyes, and even Ellen who loved her would feel that sinister threat.

They were gone all day the two of them, Louisa clutching the telescope which had belonged to her sailor sweetheart, dead so long ago, and Emily carrying the basket in which she collected the things she loved, shells and seaweed and rushes, driftwood and deserted birds' nests and sometimes even the cold little bodies of dead birds themselves that she tried to warm in her hands.

Lucy, the pretty little blonde maid, shuddered away from them, just as she shuddered away from Emily and Louisa too, and Miss Fiske was always cross these days. Yet somehow Ellen had managed to keep them there for six weeks. Then one day she knew she couldn't keep them there any longer. Unless—she gasped at the thought that had come to her. But she mustn't think that again! She must never think that again! *Never, never!*

It was the day Emily had come striding into the room, her hair straggling and windswept, and threw the driftwood Lucy refused to have in the kitchen on the floor. "Oh, my nice polished floor!" Miss Fiske protested, and then she cried out as Emily defiantly emptied her basket on the table. "This is too much!" she wailed. "My best table. Look how these shells have scratched it! It will take a month's hard polishing to put it right!"

"Let me do it," Louisa jumped up eagerly. "I'll polish it every day all through the winter."

"That's very kind of you, Louisa," Miss Fiske looked at her icily. "But I'm afraid you won't be here all through the winter."

"Oh, but we shall," Louisa smiled like an impish child. "Ellen says so."

"Louisa!" Ellen had never spoken to her sister so harshly before but now fear urged her on. "Will you be quiet?"

Louisa looked at her as if she had struck her and then slowly, helplessly began to sob.

"Oh, my heavens!" Miss Fiske looked at her exasperated. "This is the last straw. You're driving me as crazy as yourselves!"

Ellen's face went rigid as she put her arm around Louisa, her quick rage blazing through her body as if it were a wild fire consuming her. But she managed to look calm and to sound calm too as she asked Emily to take Louisa upstairs. Then she faced Miss Fiske. "That was a cruel thing to say," she said in a voice that she somehow managed to keep steady in spite of herself. "Please don't ever use that word again. They're harmless, perfectly harmless."

"Harmless or not, they've got to go," Miss Fiske said grimly. "What did you think I was going to do? Keep them here indefinitely?"

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"People who've got all they want never understand how much the smallest thing means to them who haven't," Ellen began quietly enough. Then her rage crept into her voice and she no longer thought of what she was saying. "My sisters and I haven't any gentlemen to send us money. Don't you ever feel you have a responsibility for those less fortunate than you? Every penny we've ever had I've had to work for, every penny. But at least we've our self-respect."

"How dare you criticize my life?" Miss Fiske turned on her furiously. "You've deliberately connived to foist your wretched brood on me and bleed me white and now that I've seen through your little scheme you have the insolence to abuse me. Take a month's wages and go!"

It was then that wild thought came to Ellen, standing there looking at her, that thought that seemed to grow less wild during the night, that became a certainty in the morning. Strange, how strong she felt now, how cunning as she made her plans, sending for Bates to take her sisters for a drive, a long drive that would not bring them home before night, sending Lucy off for the day, going up to Miss Fiske's room with her breakfast tray fixed with all the things she liked best, cajoling her, playing on her sympathy, winning her confidence again when she told her she had sent her sisters away.

Miss Fiske couldn't restrain her happiness then, going down to the cellar and saying she would bring up a bottle of champagne to celebrate. Ellen was glad she said that because it made her hate her. And she had to hate Miss Fiske to carry out the thing she knew she had to do.

That day, *that horrible day*! The two of them alone together and Miss Fiske being so gay now, so bubbling over with fun and good humor. And Ellen smiling too, covering the rage, the hate with her smile, going silently around the house locking the great doors one by one, locking out the world so that there would be only the two of them, alone in that big empty house.

She steeled herself as Miss Fiske sat down at the piano running over the music of the "Mikado," the new operetta which had taken London by storm. It was so long since she had sat down at the piano and sung like that, not since Emily and Louisa had been there. But before she had loved doing it, lifting her head archly, rolling her eyes as she sang in her old, cracked voice.

She was singing "Tit-Willow" now. As long as she lived Ellen would hear her singing "Tit-Willow."

"Though I probably shall not exclaim
as I die,

Oh, Willow Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow."

But she did exclaim just that. For it was as she was singing the word that Ellen crept down the stairs behind her, though she did not look like Ellen then. The family madness was there in her eyes so that they shone like cat's eyes in the darkening light of the room. She crept slowly, relentlessly until she reached the bottom step, then she hurled herself forward and her young hands went grimly around the other's throat, so that the word became first a gasp and then a gurgle. The red wig went hurtling to the floor and still Ellen held on, held on while the string of pearls around the withered old throat snapped and rattled to the floor, rolling around her feet as she stood there.

Everything was in order when Emily and Louisa came home, prattling about their day's fun. The fire was laid and the candle was burning before the shrine of the Virgin, just as it did when Miss Fiske who was a devout Catholic lit it every evening. Ellen felt she had to light that candle even if she had been brought up

in a strict Protestant household and knew how Emily hated it.

But Emily didn't even notice it that night. Both she and Louisa were so happy because Ellen had told them now there would be just Lucy and the three of them together always; that she had bought the house from her employer but they must never mention that to *anyone*. She brought out the old Bible that had been their father's and made them swear on it.

She was safe, she thought, then. Absolutely safe. Here on this desolate marshland she was safe and no one would ever know. There couldn't have been a better place anywhere to hold a secret like hers. Their only neighbors were the nuns at the Priory a short distance away, but they were gentle, unsuspecting souls, who wouldn't question when she told them their friend and benefactress Miss Fiske had been called away on a long journey. And Decoy Farm, the only other house on the Estuary, was a good two miles away.

Yes, she was safe. The room showed nothing. Even the old bake oven looked exactly the same, with its heavy door securely padlocked, just as it had always been. Ellen was so sure that no one knew that Miss Fiske had kept her valuables hidden there. But she was wrong about that. For someone else did know, and Ellen would have been horrified if she had guessed that that other person was her worthless nephew Albert.

Miss Fiske had kept that secret well. Albert had been so cajoling that day he had come, just after Ellen had left for that fateful visit to London, and he was so handsome in that swaggering way of his and with that unscrupulous, obvious charm he knew so well how to use. It had been easy for Albert to get around Miss Fiske, praising her voice, for she had been singing when he barged into the room, and telling her things no man had told her for all these long years now. And when he had looked so worried and told her he needed money so badly, she had giggled and gone to the bake oven and unlocked it and raked out the strong box where she kept her money and given him three pound notes. Albert's hands had closed greedily around them as he asked her not to tell Ellen he had been there. But he was coming back, he told himself. That bake oven, with all its riches, *he was coming back to it!*

He came back sooner than he had thought he would and Ellen's eyes narrowed when she saw him standing there at the door, his clothes dripping from the rain that had been falling all day. She had never liked this lad who, though he called himself her nephew, was really only a distant connection of the family. She had been feeling so relieved too, just before he came, for Sister Theresa had come over from the Priory to borrow a can of oil and had not seemed to think it was strange at all that Miss Fiske had suddenly decided to take a trip. She had even given Ellen the rent for the three-acre field the Priory rented from Miss Fiske and taken it quite for granted that Ellen would be looking after her employer's affairs while she was away. And then there had been that quick knock on the door and Albert stood there.

"Don't stand there dripping all over my best rug!" Ellen said tartly after that first exclamation. "Get along to the kitchen fire with your wet things."

But it didn't make any difference that she spoke like that. Louisa was like a child dancing around Albert, clapping her hands in glee, and even Emily lost her dourness. They loved the excitement of his coming, for things had been dreary of late with Ellen acting so depressed all the time. Emily ran upstairs for dry clothes for him and came down with Miss Fiske's



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best pink dressing gown which Albert wrapped around himself with a flourish, walking in little mincing steps that set the two of them off in gales of laughter, and even Lucy who had been so cross ever since they came there giggled. Only Ellen didn't laugh. Her arms rocked in agony as she looked at that froth of pink and lace which Miss Fiske had kept for very best.

It was then she saw that the candle standing before the Virgin had gone out. She gasped and held her hand to her heart as she looked at it. It seemed like an omen. Everything frightened her so these days, but nothing had frightened her as much as this. Even when Louisa told her Emily had blown it out, she still felt the horror of it and she couldn't control the shock she felt, even though Albert was looking at her so strangely.

He was still watching her out of the corner of his eye as he sat at the table eating and saw her go over and light the candle again after she had sent her sisters off to bed.

"I say, Auntie," he looked at her quizzically, "is all this treasure trove yours?"

"Of course not," Ellen's voice came curtly. "It belongs to Miss Fiske, the woman I work for. She is away right now. And Albert, please stop this Auntie nonsense and let's get down to cases. Why have you come here and what do you want?"

"Well, Auntie," Albert gave her one of his old impudent grins, "to cut it fine, I helped myself to a little salary I wasn't entitled to at the bank where I worked and they found it out. A friend passed me the tip the police were looking for me and I took French leave."

"But they'll follow you!" Ellen couldn't control her terror. Involuntarily her eyes stared at the bake oven. "They'll come here!"

"Don't worry." Albert shrugged. "No one knows I've relatives out here on the marshes. And I'll be clearing out soon to America, or Australia, or any old where. I'm counting on you to help me. I'm stony."

"We'll talk it over in the morning," Ellen said coldly. "But mind you, you can only stay until I've had time to arrange for your passage on the boat." She started to go up the stairs, then she turned hesitantly. "You've told me the worse, haven't you? I mean there isn't anything else?"

"What else?" Albert asked. Then he laughed. "Oh, you mean putting somebody to sleep? No, there is no blood on my hands. Putting people out calls for real nerve, you know."

"Yes!" The word was torn out of Ellen's terror. And then she turned and almost ran up those steps she had crept down such a short while ago.

Albert waited until he was sure she was out of hearing, then quickly he ran to the door of the oven and began working on it. Locks meant nothing to his nimble fingers. He had been able to open them since he was scarcely more than a child. But now he worked fast. There was little time, and that treasure he had seen in there would more than start him on a new life. He laughed triumphantly as the lock yielded and the door began to swing open. Then the laugh closed in his throat for as he looked he saw that there was no longer an opening in that long oven. There was nothing but a solid wall of bricks, and as he stared he saw the plaster was still fresh and new.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he whispered softly. Then he smiled, and it wasn't the way he usually smiled with that old careless grin of his. It was grim and purposeful and

calculating, the smile of a man who knew he could get everything he wanted. But first of all he must discover for certain what lay behind those bricks!

He went slowly, he had to, for if his guess was wrong he did not want to set Ellen against him. First he made friends with Lucy, for he'd need help to go through with his plans. But it was fun making friends with Lucy, as pretty a lass as he'd ever laid eyes on, whose lips trembled under his when he caught her and kissed her the next day when she was airing out Miss Fiske's room. She struggled coquettishly and gave him a push which sent him sprawling into the open closet, and then she laughed as she saw that the red wig which had been standing on its block on the shelf had tumbled down on his head.

"It's Miss Fiske's," she giggled as she took it off his head. "Her best one. She's as bald as a coot. Odd she didn't take it with her, or any of her frocks either, especially with most of them new."

Albert was beginning to think it wasn't strange at all, but he didn't let Lucy see that.

It was funny after that how he began discovering things. It was just like pieces of a puzzle that all fitted together in his mind. Emily thoughtlessly telling him that Ellen had bought the house and that Miss Fiske was *never* coming back, and the way Ellen didn't like it when Sister Theresa called and saw him there. Then there was the letter that came from the bank addressed to Miss Fiske which he and Lucy steamed open and which questioned Miss Fiske's signature on a bank draft made out to Ellen. He watched Ellen covertly as she read the letter, and saw how nervous she was as she answered it. Afterwards he held the blotter she had used up to the mirror and saw that she had signed the

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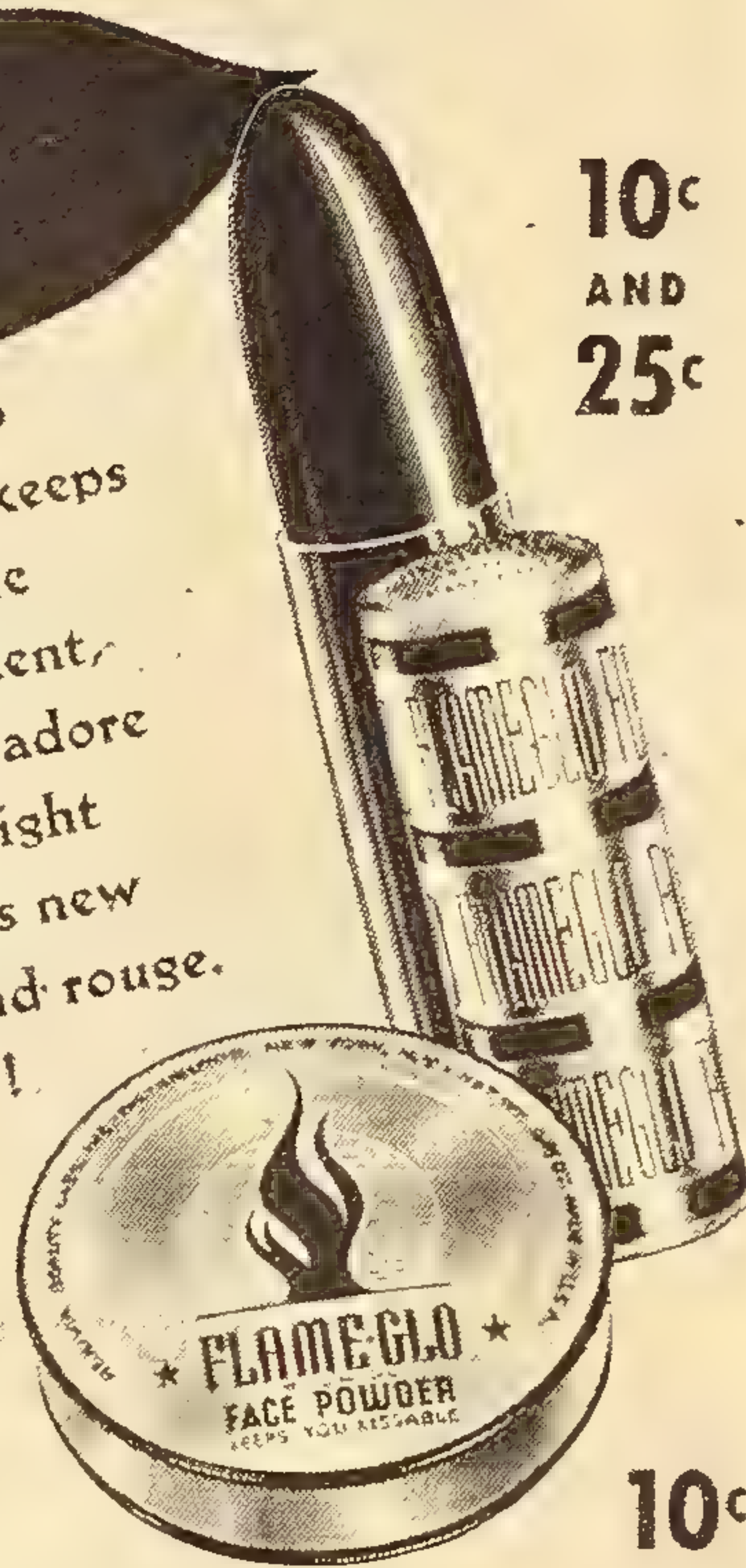
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letter Leonora Fiske, explaining the difference in the signature by the fact that she had sprained her wrist.

Oh, he had her now, good and proper, Albert thought jubilantly, even though he hadn't been able to break in the brick wall in the oven yet, even with Lucy's help. Lucy was doing everything he asked her, for she had lost her heart to him completely.

They'd all lost their hearts to him, all except Ellen. How apprehensive she felt when she caught him looking at her in that knowing, crafty way. He reminded her of a cat watching beside a mouse hole. And that day he sat down at the piano and began singing "Tit-Willow" she didn't realize that her cry to him to stop had been a scream until she saw him smile.

It was that same evening Albert looked up as she lighted the candle in front of the shrine. "When did Miss Fiske die?" he asked suddenly.

Her hands trembled so that she almost dropped the lighted taper she was holding. "Die?" she asked harshly. "Who said anything about her being dead?"

"You don't light candles for the living, do you?" he said.

She couldn't stand it any longer. The next day she went up to London and bought his ticket and as she returned to the house that night she was almost certain she heard a strange tapping going on inside. But everything seemed as usual when she came in and she was certain it was just her imagination playing tricks on her again.

"There is a boat sailing for Quebec Friday," she told Albert tartly. "You're sailing with it."

"I don't want to go away yet." He faced her calmly. "I've suddenly got quite fond of this place. The air suits me. I'm very happy here for the time being."

"Well, I'm not happy having you," she said grimly. "You're leaving here the first thing in the morning."

Albert cocked an eyebrow at her as he calmly lit his pipe. "I shouldn't try to bluff me, if I were you."

"I'm not trying to bluff you," she said exasperated. "I'm ordering you. And if you won't go willingly I'll send for the police."

"You won't send for the police!" Albert smiled. "You've a reason, a very important reason, for not wanting the police here and for wanting me out of this house as quickly as you can."

Ellen went white at that. But her voice was strangely quiet when she spoke. "As a matter of fact I have," she admitted. Then as that wild look of triumph lit up his eyes she went on in that same even voice, "I met Miss Fiske in town today. She's coming back. I'm tired now, Albert, I think I'll go to bed."

Somehow she managed to drag herself up the stairs, to go into her room and close the door after her. But not to sleep. It had been so long since she had really slept. The nights had become ordeals she had to get through somehow. She sobbed as she undressed and got into bed, then suddenly she sat upright, every nerve taut as she leaned forward listening. At first she was sure it was imagination, then she was just as sure it wasn't, as she heard the faint tinkle of the piano downstairs playing "Tit-Willow."

It took all the courage she could muster to stagger down the stairs and she almost laughed in her relief when she saw there was no one sitting at the piano. Then as she came into the room she saw the door of the oven swinging open and as she stared at it appalled the unearthly sound of the music began again and as she turned she saw that well-remembered red hair bending over the piano and recognized Miss Fiske's paisley shawl wrapped around the figure of the woman who sat there. She screamed once, and then she fainted.

Albert laughed as he ran over to her and

the girl at the piano sprang up in dismay. It was Lucy, her blue eyes fearful now under that grotesque red wig. Albert had told her it was all a joke but it didn't seem funny now at all as she stared down at that prostrate figure.

Ellen was still trembling when she came down the next morning but she tried to control her voice as she faced Albert and told him to get ready as Mr. Bates would soon be there to take him to the station.

"Bates has been and gone," Albert said imperturbably. "I sent him away." He put his hand in his pocket as if he were taking out his pipe but instead he brought out Miss Fiske's wig and laid it on the piano.

She stared at it incredulously. "You know," she said in a flat voice. "Then it was you last night!"

"Yes," Albert grinned maliciously. "Me and Lucy."

"She knows, too?" Ellen whispered aghast.

"Not what I know," Albert assured her. "That's something you and I are going to keep for ourselves as long as you treat me right. I think with your financial assistance and a few remorseful tears on my part I'll be able to fix things at the bank. Then we can all settle down in peace, a contented little family."

"You surely don't propose to go on living here with me?" she asked appalled. And then as he laughed she roused herself and forced herself to go over to the wig and stand there patting it as if she weren't afraid of it at all. You'd never be quite sure, would you? You might not enjoy your meals."

"You wouldn't dare a second time," he taunted her.

"No?" Ellen looked at him quietly. "It takes a lot of courage to kill the first time but once you've sold your soul to the devil it becomes easier."

Albert hesitated, chilled by the cold malevolence of her voice. Then suddenly he capitulated. "Give me five hundred pounds," he said huskily, "and I'll clear out and keep my mouth shut forever."

"I'm not afraid of you, Albert," she lifted her head. "In the night with your shabby little tricks you may fancy yourself quite a figure. But it's broad daylight now."

She stopped as she heard the sudden rapping on the door and hesitated for just a moment before she could compel herself to open it. But it was only Sister Theresa who stood there, her gentle face urgent as she told them the police were looking for a man who answered to Albert's description and that they had gone to Decoy Farm first and then would be coming here.

"Miss Ellen, have I done wrong in coming here to warn you?" she asked. "You see, I had a brother rather like that. He went wrong too. People are so easily lost, aren't they?"

"Yes," Ellen said quietly. "Yes, they are."

She turned to Albert as the door closed behind the nun. But there was no longer any need to threaten. All his swagger, his arrogance was gone as he took the tickets and money she held out to him. Then they both turned as they heard the faint moan, the sound of running feet behind them. Lucy! They had forgotten she was in the kitchen. There was no doubt she had heard what they said, all of it, as she stared at them, her eyes wide in horror. Then she screamed and ran.

Albert snarled as he ran after her. No doubt where she was going, running so desperately toward Decoy Farm. If he didn't catch her before she got to the police, it would be all over. Ellen paced the floor feverishly, then a sudden, wild hope flooded her heart as she heard the door open. But it was only Emily and

Louisa laughing uproariously as they told of the game they had seen Lucy and Albert playing with some policeman down on the marshes.

"Albert was so annoyed!" Louisa giggled. "Because they caught him and Lucy too. Oh, Ellen, it was so funny." Then she saw Ellen putting on her cloak. "Oh, Ellen, do you have to go out?" she begged. "Can't it wait?"

"No, dear," Ellen tried to smile. "It can't wait. I—I have to see those policemen, too."

"We found these jackdaw feathers down by the Priory," Louisa said then with one of her quick changes of mood.

"You ought to go into the Priory Garden one day," Ellen said slowly, impressing each word on them so that they wouldn't forget. For the nuns would take care of them. She was sure of that. "They have such lovely flowers, and the birds come down and feed out of the nuns' hands. You would like it."

"How long will you be, Ellen?" Emily asked.

"I don't know, darling." Ellen tried to speak gaily. "I may be quite a time." She opened the door and the winter sunlight flooded the room and there was a feeling of spring in the air.

"Oh, it's a lovely day!" she whispered. She held up her head as if she were reaching for the warmth. And then quickly, without a backward glance, she walked over the marshes toward Decoy Farm.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

beets will color the sauce, and the sauce will add a new and interesting flavor to the beets.

CHOCOLATE MINT ROLL

Make a sponge cake in a long pan, pouring very thin so that it will roll easily when done. Take it from the oven and wrap in a damp cloth after rolling until ready to serve. Whip your cream and flavor with essence of peppermint (Burnett's), color with green coloring and keep in refrigerator until ready to serve.

When ready, spread the cake with cream, roll, slice and serve with thick chocolate sauce.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Blend 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Runkel Brothers cocoa, 3 level tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.

Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of boiling water and 1 tablespoon butter, and cook until thick, stirring constantly.

Remove from stove and add vanilla.

Claire lives in a white French Provincial house on a poplar-lined street in Brentwood. Five years ago, when Claire first saw the house, there were no near neighbors; now, rows of fine dwellings extend up and down the curving avenue.

"Mother and I spent weeks looking for what we wanted," Claire recalled. "We visited this place four times before we decided we couldn't resist it. After that, Mother put in her days selecting furniture and samples with a decorator at one of Los Angeles' best stores. I was working, so in the evening I would go down to the store and they'd open it while Mother showed me what she'd found and I'd choose what I wanted. We have much the same tastes, so usually whatever she had picked out I liked. There was always a selection of patterns for drapes, upholstery, wallpapers, rugs and so on."

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Done in light rugs, white paneled or light papered walls, pastel upholstery and drapes, the house after five years still looks as new and immaculate.

The first thing that catches your eye as you enter the house is a graceful stairway with a slim banister curving upward to the left. A grandfather clock that chimes melodiously balances a Chinese red chair on either side of the hall. Claire, you will have guessed, is a collector. She loves to "discover" items in antique shops, but she is almost as avid a gatherer of unusual modern pieces.

Fair hair done in a modified pompadour of her own styling, her wine red autumn dress made an attractive color note against the old blue of a fireside couch in the living room. The topaz clips in the dress repeated the topaz lights in her brown eyes.

"It's such fun doing a house!" she cried. "I enjoyed it so much that as soon as I'd finished this one, I wanted to begin all over again. Not that I'm ever quite through—there's always some change to make or some addition that gives a room a new note."

A collection of tiny Dickens figures, picked up last winter in New York, march on the mantel beneath a huge mirror; twin ruby-red Venetian vases recently bestowed by a cousin make a vivid glow in the pastel and white of the room. These are newest notes here. A grand piano is silhouetted against a succession of French windows that overlook the brick terrace and high-walled garden where even in winter Claire's gay garden furniture invites a bask in California's sun.

The newest thing in the dining room, where blue deep piled rug matches the blue brocaded seats of the Duncan Phyfe chairs, and tapestry wallpaper makes an appropriate background for the beautifully set table, is Claire's modern American glass.

"Most of our wedding presents were antiques, like that silver coffee urn on the side table (Edward G. Robinson gave us that), and the silver tea set on the serving table over there," said my hostess, "but the glass is completely modern. I'm mad about my flat crystal ashtrays and low flower bowls. My flower arrangements can be low enough so that no one is dodging them to see the guest across the table."

"Speaking of seeing guests, that concave mirror on the wall—another of my antique prizes—used to be the hostess' joy in Colonial days. She could glance up at it and see her whole table in miniature, note whether or not there were wallflowers and do something about them, see that each guest was properly served and so on."

The sitting room is full of quaint items, ranging from a stuffed doll rabbit to a model ship with silver sails, mainly because Mr. Andrews seldom comes home without a gift for Mrs. Andrews.

The master bedroom is the only French room in the house. It's a suite with big dressing room and equally big bathroom, done in soft rose tones and pale blues. The walls are blue, the heavy rose satin drapes match the satin-headboarded bed whose long skirts lie in graceful folds on the pastel rug. The chaise-longue is done in paler rose and lighter blue, and there's a white satin couch. Claire's Dresden collection has its own inlaid French cabinet.

The Andrews' guests usually love to talk, but occasionally they play charades or any of the acting games.

"One of the games we plan for Thanksgiving is something new to us that we tried out the other night," Claire remarked. "We had so much fun nobody noticed the time until 2:30 next morning. We call it *hide and find*. You take ten small objects, like a wedding ring, a rubber band, a bobby-pin, a button, and so on, and somebody hides each one while the others are

out of the room. The things must be hidden in plain sight—you could put the ring around the top of a silver lid, for instance, where no one would see it in a casual glance. A score card is drawn up, the name of each guest heading a column and the name of each object opposite a little square for each guest. As a guest finds an object, he makes a cross against that item under his name. Of course you mustn't see an item, give a shriek and rush over to make your cross, or everyone else will look where you looked. Be more subtle. The one who sees them all first, wins the prize."

A knoll in Bel-Air set high so that it has a view of the Pacific is the site of the Andrews' future home.

"We intend to build a house on the pattern of those we saw on our trip to Hawaii," planned Claire. "They are arranged so that it's almost like living outdoors, with lots of windows and panels that can be pushed back to enlarge a room, bring in the garden or close yourself in. We will use glass block for greater strength but use the Hawaiian general idea."

"I want the low-slung furniture you sink 'way down into, with plenty of small low tables to draw up to chairs and couches. I'll cover the stuff with attractive materials but nothing so delicate that guests will hesitate to draw their feet up under them. I love to curl up in chairs, and I want my guests to feel free to do the same."

In her new house, Claire will go in for informal entertaining, something on the *luau* style of Hawaiian parties, with guests serving themselves at well-stocked buffets and eating at the low tables.

Pineapple drinks would be especially appropriate for such an affair. A delicious new one can be made by floating pieces of fresh pineapple in tall glasses of orange or lemon Kool-Aid.

Canapes will be a feature at Claire's parties-to-be. Some new ones are: Smoked salmon on rye bread triangles with a cross slice of red-stuffed green olives. Black caviar on pumpernickle bread with a square of raw onion on top. Cheese and olive spread—two parts Kraft's American cheese and one part chopped stuffed olive, on whole wheat circles of bread. White bread rolled into "lilies" and filled with sandwich paste. Brown bread circles spread with anchovy paste, topped with a smaller circle of white bread on which is a flower design in colored Kraft cream cheese.

Stack's Up!

Continued from page 34

how it hurt to have to tell the insurance agent that it wasn't done by a hit and run driver. That it was done by a girl named Gladys who was honest enough to leave her name and phone number. And when I confessed that I had destroyed it, that agent gave me a look that clearly indicated that he personally considered me the most conceited sap of all times."

Since this little episode it has been completely impossible to persuade that nice, attractive Mr. Stack that any girl might fall for him. He is without a doubt the most un-conceited movie star in Hollywood. Helen Ferguson could hardly believe her ears when she called him over the phone to invite him to the Red, White and Blue Ball and told him that she wanted him to bring Olivia de Havilland if Olivia could come. "Oh, gee, babe," said Bob, "you know Olivia won't go out with me. She goes with Jimmy Stewart and

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Franchot Tone and all those guys. She won't go with an unknown punk like me. Gee, but ask her anyway, huh?" And three times during the day Bob, who rarely ever makes phone calls, called Helen to inquire, "What did she say? Have you gotten her yet?"

By the time Miss de Havilland was finally reached at the studio—and said she would be most delighted to go with Mr. Stack—that young man was in such a state of collapse that he had to be revived with a double coke.

Out at Universal studio in the Valley they will tell you that the person who gets the most fan mail on the lot is Deanna Durbin. And the person who gets the second most fan mail is Robert Stack. This is indeed remarkable, considering the fact that Bob has been in so few pictures. "Judging from the mail," said someone in charge, "all the young girls think of him as the ideal boy friend, and all the mothers think of him as the ideal son." And at a luncheon the other day I was interested in hearing a woman star, who can think back further than the day before yesterday, say, "Bob Stack's great charm on the screen is that he is so typically American. He has all the traits that Wallace Reid once had."

Well, whatever it is, the girls certainly go for tall, blond and handsome Mr. Stack.

When Bob first was signed by Universal on a long term contract in 1939, following his appearance in the Henry Duffy drama school's production of "Personal Appearance" at the El Capitan in Hollywood, the gossip columnists played him up big as a socially and financially prominent young sportsman. Socially prominent he is indeed. When his family first arrived in the West, Los Angeles was an Indian pueblo with only five white families. His grandfather was Modini Wood, renowned opera singer. His grandmother, Mamie

Perry, made her debut at La Scala in Milan. The charming and attractive Betzi Stack, long a popular social leader in the West, is his mother. But "financially prominent" is something else again. Bob doesn't inherit any money until he is 35 (left in a trust fund for him by his father who died in 1928) and as he is only 22 now, and as the Government has a way of taking things, Bob is probably just as poor as you and me and the rest of us.

But when the columnists' "socially and financially prominent" Robert Stack appeared at the studio you can be quite sure that there was a lot of feeling against him. The boys who had come up the hard way simply assumed that they wouldn't like Robert, without giving the kid a chance, and they put themselves out to razz him whenever possible. I was on the "First Love" set one day when Bob was starting the picture. "Mercy," minced one of the gaffers with the puss of a Maxie Rosenbloom, "is that attractive Mr. Stack working today! Dear, dear, we must get our best tea-cups." Bob, who keeps himself in perfect physical condition, could have torn the guy into bits. But he just smiled awfully hard and tried to cover up that he was terribly young and terribly hurt. Deanna, on the other hand, took a great liking to him at once, and today hers is the only girl's picture in his room. It's autographed, "To Bob, my friend, and 'First Love,' Deanna."

The razzing of Mr. Stack reached a new high when he was starred in "Badlands of Dakota," a hard-riding, hard-fighting, shoot-'em-up picture. This type of Western was like old home week to the other guys in the cast, so they decided to gang up on Robert who, they were certain, didn't know one end of a horse from the other. But before the picture was finished Bob in his casual, happy-go-lucky way, had shown them that he knew more

about riding, fighting, and shooting than they would ever know. "Say," said Andy Devine to one of the stunt men, "that guy you're kidding about not knowing how to hold a gun, Robert Stack? Well, go easy, buddy, you might just like to know that he was a member of the All-American Skeet Team in 1936 and 1937. He won the Del Monte pistol championship in 1937, and the San Joaquin Open 20-gauge championship in 1938."

Al Green, the director, told me that Bob was really the "patsy" of the picture, until the boys saw how well he could ride. Then one by one the hecklers drifted away. "That blond polo fellow," one of the old-timers informed Broderick Crawford, "brother, he kin ride!" "Through all the heckling," said Al Green, "Bob didn't once lose his temper. I never saw a guy so willing to work. Honestly, he was the hardest worker on the picture."

"Didn't it infuriate you, Bob," I asked one day, "when those smarty pants were razzing the daylights out of you? Why didn't you push their face in?" To which Mr. Stack replied, "I thought it was damn swell of those guys who had had all that experience to bother to razz me. I don't think they would have spent all that time making fun of me if they hadn't liked me."

See, what I mean about Robert Stack? You can't help but like him.

Universal's newest star was born in Los Angeles on January 13, 1919. When he was five his family moved to Paris. When he returned to the United States at the age of 11 he could not talk to his older brother Jim, who had remained in America, without the aid of an interpreter. But it didn't take Bob long to learn English again, and it didn't take him long to realize that what he wanted to be when he grew up was an actor. But he was so busy being a number one sportsman that he didn't get around to giving it a serious thought until



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his second year at the University of Southern California. At which time he enrolled in the Henry Duffy drama school. Outside of being a champion skeet shooter, Bob has won his letter in varsity polo, he has won the outboard motor championship at Venice, Italy, and with his racing hydroplane, *The Thunderbird*, he has done everything but break the world's record—which he cherishes ambitions to break. In 1939 he was the holder of the Lake Muroc roadster speed record of 115.68 miles an hour.

An entire room in the Stack home has to be given over to Bob's numerous trophies—which, incidentally, have been insured for \$25,000. His hobby is collecting guns, and to date he has over fifty of them. His other hobby is building and driving hopped-up automobiles. When he's working in his garage he is undoubtedly the dirtiest "grease monkey" you've ever had the displeasure of shaking hands with. He likes to tell about the time a harassed driver mistook him for a repair man and told him, "Say, you, do a rush job on that car and get things fixed by six o'clock and there'll be an extra buck in it for you." Bob claims he fixed the car up fine and got the "extra buck."

At home Bob is one of the sprawlingest people you've ever seen. He practically sits on his neck when he talks to you, and is so perfectly relaxed that you would never suspect that he is a dynamo of energy. The most embarrassing thing that has happened to him since he started his movie career, he thinks, was the personal appearance junket he went on with Louella Parsons. "Everybody in the act could do something," he says, "they could sing or dance or do imitations—I just had to stand there and smile. I felt like a dope." Maybe the actors who could sing and dance and do imitations got all the applause in the theater, but according to all reports, it was Robert Stack the fans pounced on with autograph books every time he popped out of the stage door. He must have something.

Bob's friends will tell you that he is very bad about opening letters. Sometimes they lie around on his desk for weeks before he gets around to opening them. He probably never gets around to answering them. He is also very bad about returning phone calls. But he makes up for these faults by having one of the most pleasing, genial dispositions in captivity. Even his mother has never known him to be sulky or disagreeable. "I know when he's up in the mornings because he starts singing," she says, "and I know when he comes in at night because he starts singing as he comes up the driveway and keeps it up until he falls in bed." Fortunately for his family Robert has inherited from his musical grandmother a very good voice.

It's practically impossible to get Bob all heated up in an argument. When he finds that a situation is arising that he can't cope with his eyes just go blank and he walks right out of the room and the situation. He wants to be happy, and he wants everybody around him to be happy. And the simplest thing can throw Bob right into a great seizure of happiness. The last time I had dinner at his home he was as delighted as a school kid over a pair of cowboy boots he had just bought for practically nothing. They smelled to high heaven, but Bob was so enthralled with them that you would have thought they were studded with rubies.

When he is working in a picture, it seems, he forgets all about girls. He spends his evenings at the movies or the bowling alley. But the very minute he finishes a picture he wants the phone to start ringing—and it usually does. Cobina Wright, Jr., has been his only "sort-of romance" so far. But there will be more. Oh, my yes.

Dorothy Lamour Plays Cupid!

Continued from page 29

much. Gertrude, like you, was simply the youth's "best girl," and while he may have always been planning toward a future time when their friendship might develop into romance and marriage, she was thoughtlessly putting too much emphasis on having a good time. But I can't blame her, or you, too much for that. Nearly every girl goes through that phase where she wants to have a good time. When night clubs, and snappy cars mean much more than sitting at home listening to records.

The boy became jealous and demanded that the girl stop seeing the older man. Yet he was too proud in both instances—since he was not in a position then to marry—to tell her of his love.

It took Gertrude only a few months to begin to realize her mistake. She missed terribly her friendship with Bill. Going to night clubs and dancing until late hours with the older man was all right and lots of fun—until the newness wore off. But soon that exciting night life that had thrilled her so much at first became as ordinary and commonplace as the simple pleasures she had once enjoyed with Bill had seemed. She missed the others in her crowd too. Suddenly the Sunday hikes and Saturday picnics our gang were accustomed to go on began to seem the exciting adventures that night life—seen from the outside—had once appeared. Our crowd was already divided into twosomes and there was no place for Gertrude in it, now that Bill was going with a new girl friend. Bill, his pride hurt, was not ready to make up.

One time, Gertrude did come on one of our picnics and brought along the older man as her escort, hoping no doubt that Bill's jealousy would overcome his pride. But Bill was only extra-attentive to his date, and that method didn't work. The older man didn't "fit in" with our crowd, and Gertrude didn't try to join again.

About this time Bill got a swell job offered him in the West. He left without even telling Gertrude goodbye. She didn't see him again for two years—when one day he returned to New Orleans as a department manager with the same firm where he had once worked in a very unimportant job. So now Gertrude's pride entered into it. Although she had loved Bill all the time, she felt that she couldn't possibly seek out the successful man the poor boy had become.

Then one night at the newest and gayest night club in New Orleans she saw Bill dancing with one of the season's debutantes, and in an unguarded moment she detected an expression that told her that he was as bored as she was. "Why, Bill doesn't like this party life any better than I do," she thought to herself. "We are alike. We always were, really. That's why I love him. And how I love him!" And she determined then and there, that by hook or crook, she'd manage to meet him again in the simple surroundings they both enjoyed.

This didn't prove difficult. She humbled herself a bit and appealed to one of the girls in the old crowd who had married a boy in the old crowd. Bill was invited to dinner and Gertrude very casually just "dropped in" for the evening. By her sweet unassuming manner and her interest in her friends, their home and their children, Gertrude convinced Bill that she had grown up into the woman he had felt she would. He asked to take her home that night. And to dinner the next. And neither ever dated anyone else again.

How about it, Rose Tagner?

Yes! A Honeymoon Can Last, IF —

Continued from page 31

they have been married, Jane and Ronnie have acquired a house, which brings them an income, two lots, which they plan to sell, and one large lot on which they are at present building. In addition to that, they have insurance, government bonds and a Christmas savings account—in addition to their regular savings account.

"One awfully good lesson I learned a long time ago," Jane volunteered, "is to always keep yourself liquid. That is, never buy anything you can't turn into cash."

"What about the baby?" I wanted to know. "Did you plan ahead and figure on a set amount for her?"

"No, we didn't," she answered. "Maureen came out of the savings account! I honestly don't know how we do it," she went on, "but whenever we need money for anything special, by putting away that half of our income, the money always seems to be there to take care of things. It was that way with Maureen. All the hospital expenses, doctor bills—everything—and in spite of the fact that I had drawn no salary for six months—has been taken care of."

Jane admits she has no closets full of expensive gowns, fur coats and all the luxuries most movie stars crave. But she has something a great deal more solid—a husband with whom she is madly in love, a beautiful baby, their permanent home in the making and a good, solid future in the offing.

Ronnie is allowed \$25 a week spending money which must take care of all incidental expenses such as money for the movies, tips, golf fees, etc. Jane has \$7 for pin money. "And would you believe it," Jane chuckled, "I sometimes save as much as \$5 out of my allowance? Provided Ronnie doesn't make a 'touch' before the week is out! Whatever money we save out of our allowances goes into the baby's bank account. A friend of ours started her account with \$10. Just in the four months we've had her, it's grown to \$85. Pretty good, huh!"

And, speaking of that house, I must tell you how it's all come about. For months, Janie and Ronnie have been poring through home magazines, looking at model houses and talking to architects until they were blue in the face. Somehow, nothing seemed to fit into their plans. In the back of their minds, they knew the first requirement was a large, spacious living room—a room where you could "put your feet on the furniture"—and yet a room which had an air of solidness about it.

"We went to the movies one night about three months ago," Jane related. "It was a picture called 'This Thing Called Love' and we walked in right in the middle of a beautiful love scene. As the camera panned around to the background, Ronnie and I looked at one another. Simultaneously, we whispered: 'That's it!' And it was. There on the screen was the living room we had been dreaming about—an L-shaped room with panelled walls, an entrance hall that was half stone and half wood. Everything about it just screamed for us!"

Losing no time, (for nothing is impossible to Jane), she called Max Arnow, casting director at Columbia studios, who was the only person she knew there. He, in turn, got in touch with the set designer, Lionel Banks, and the tiny model which had been used in building the set, together with still pictures, were turned over to Jane. These she has given to her architect, and they started from there.



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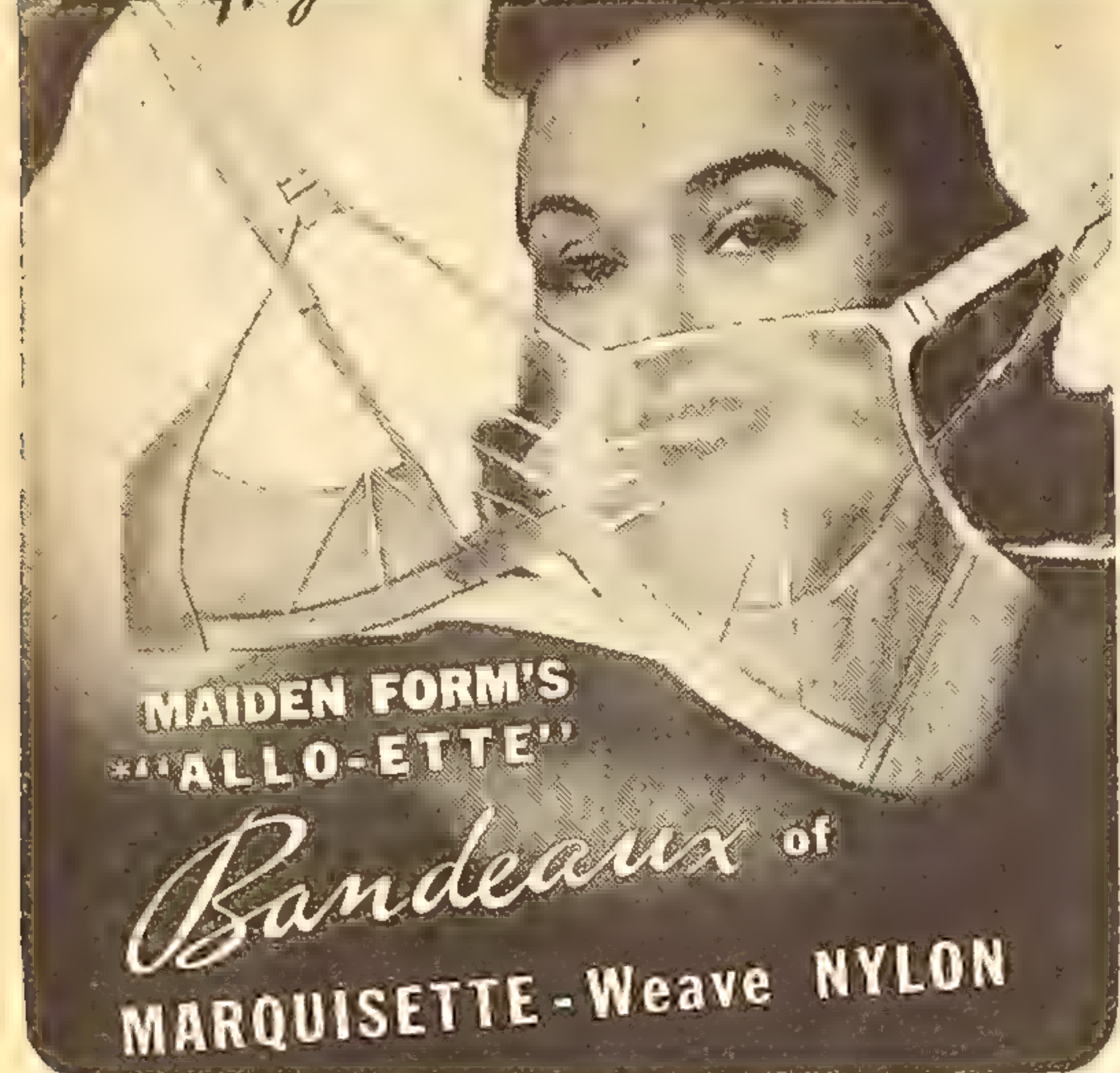
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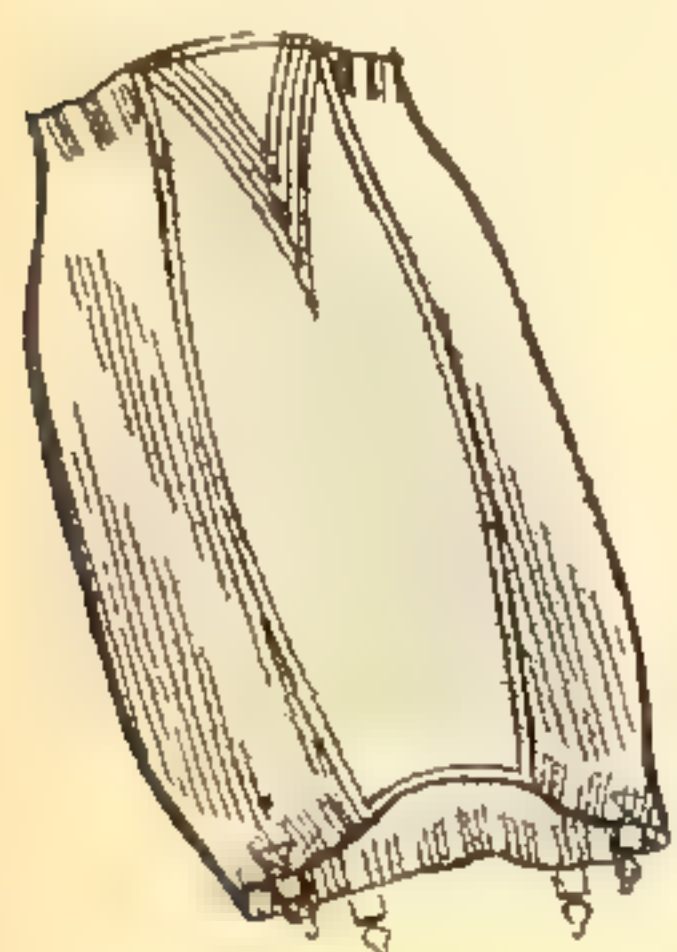
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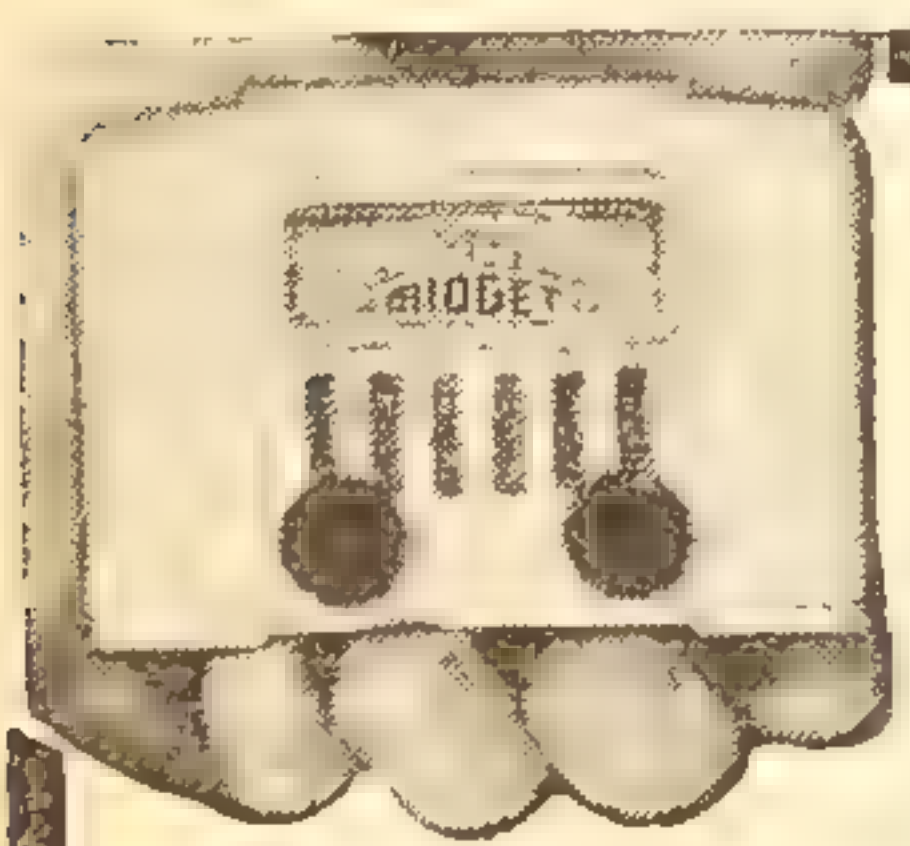
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"I'm going to have as many built-in features as I possibly can," Jane explained. "I think they're so attractive. And, besides, think of the money I'll save on furniture! There'll be built-in davenports, with soft down cushions, built-in end tables, which will be an extension of the panelled walls. Even in the bathrooms—one each for Ronnie and me—will have huge built-in closets.

"The important thing is, we're not rushing it. It's taken me three months to get the plans together and I've spent days knocking out walls on paper, but I have all the time in the world and I'd rather live in an empty house until I get what I want."

Which is so typical of Jane. I remember back a few years, when Janie was the life of every party. New clothes, night clubs, lots of laughs. That was Janie's meat. And then she met Ronnie. Night clubs were not for Ronnie. An athlete all his life, Ronnie spent his free time on the golf course—swimming—riding. Anything out in the open.

"The girl I marry," he once told me, a long time ago, "will just have to put up with these things. I can't even imagine myself married to anyone who didn't share my love for sports."

I think the first inkling of how Janie felt about Ronnie was one day when I ran into her on the set where Ronnie was working. Over her shoulder was slung a pair of ice-skates. Her little skating costume was more than intriguing. "Oh—an athlete," I ribbed.

"Yes," Jane answered calmly. "Ronnie and I are going skating as soon as he gets through on the set. I've just come by to pick him up."

That was the beginning. The fact that Janie had never been on ice-skates in her life didn't daunt her. Ronnie was interested in skating. Janie took it up. It was the same way with golf—and swimming. Which is another story.

Janie didn't swim, either. For weeks, Ronnie tried to persuade her to let him teach her. She was agreeable in the beginning, until she felt she wasn't getting there fast enough. "I'm off to Palm Springs for a few days," Jane told him over the phone one day. "See you when I get back."

He didn't find out until later that the reason she was going to Palm Springs was

to take swimming lessons from a professional teacher. "And me an ex-life guard!" Ronnie fumed.

Entertaining is something of a problem with the Reagans because of their small quarters. But this doesn't stop Jane. "Our charge accounts," she pointed out to Ronnie, "are just the thing. We'll take people to dinner at the Brown Derby. Then, if we feel like playing cards we can come back to the house."

"What about her housekeeping?" you might ask.

That's simple, according to Jane. "When Ronnie and I were married, I was faced with this problem. Thelma, my maid, is a jewel. She's been with me for years. I put it up to her. "'Thelma,' I said, 'I don't know a darned thing about the kitchen. Do you?'"

"Thelma allowed as how she did and I promptly turned the whole works over to her. She does everything. She argues with the grocer and the butcher. She plans the meals and takes care of the laundry. And besides that she keeps up her own home. That's why we always have an early dinner at our house. I figure Thelma has to have some time to herself and I try to get her out of the house at a reasonable hour."

The nurse, in turn, takes care of the baby. Between 11:30 and 12:00 noon, Jane visits with little Maureen. Then, from 5:00 to 6:00 in the afternoon is her regular playtime. Ronnie rushes like mad to get home in time to see her, because both of them have agreed her routine is not to be upset for "visiting," even if they are her parents.

Each morning finds Jane seated at her little desk, going over the household books, ordering things by telephone for the baby or her own and Ronnie's personal needs, to be "charged." She and Ronnie take care of their own business affairs.

"And I must say, I think we've done a good job," she admits. "I had a business manager before I married Ronnie. But I couldn't resist trying to cheat him! I never could make myself realize that it was really my money he was trying to save. This way, I darned well know it is!"

"Roz" in Shorthand

Continued from page 33

seems to take anyone else's place, Roz."

R. R.: "That's right. When I first came to Hollywood I was distressed to read that I would be 'another Myrna Loy'—sounded so presumptuous—Myrna has her own place. No one can take it. We've all read how Ida Lupino is 'another Bette Davis,' how a John Garfield will 'supplant' a Jimmy Cagney, etc.—that's a very bad idea they had in this business. But it is dying out. Things have changed."

G. H.: "What things?"

R. R.: "Descended from a grass-hopper, you are, the way you jump at things!—well, the old business of movie stars going into seclusion, for instance, into purdah, clouds of incense—but no more. You have to be a good mixer today. The public demands to see you. You must BE seen. The public is the customer. The customer is always right."

(Hazel came in with a tray of sandwiches, pots of tea.)

G. H.: "Ummm, perfect!"

R. R.: (to Hazel) "If you had about 12 dozen more for her, that's what she

means by perfect—but what was I saying?—oh, about things changing in Hollywood. Yes, well, but there is no more of the business of the movie star lolling about in her ermine-lined swimming pool—the lilies that toil not neither do they spin have been replaced by the alfalfa that grows on, for instance, Gable's ranch" (I think that's what she said, doesn't seem likely, both Miss R. and Miss H. talk so fast) "—because anyone who earns money today EARNs it. That's as true of a star as of a scrubwoman. No more getting paid for the way your features are put on your face. Even when I am not making a picture, am 'resting,' I am Twenty Little Working Girls rolled into one neat (usually) compact package.

"I am busy ALL the time—doing what we are doing today, for example, interviews—quizzes that would make the Quiz Kids grow old overnight. You can't lie by your swimming pool and do nothing. The phone in my house rings from 75 to 200 times a day, actual count—even if Mrs. Lewis, my secretary, or Hazel or the cook

answers it for me, I have to be told what is said, tell them what to say and, usually, call back. I do all the ordering for the house, the food, items that need to be replenished, even if it is only a tea-towel. I write every important letter myself—and they are all important or I don't write 'em—because I want to use my own words, not somebody else's. I'd never get away with it anyway—people I know personally would smell a rat if I didn't ask about Junior's tonsils or how the new 'line' with Reginald is pulling—even if I don't take pen in hand and write myself, I dictate word for word, I re-read what is written, I sign 'em. I go to benefits and things. There is the well-known routine of fittings, photographers, script conferences, dentist, etc. Right now I'm putting Hazel in the leather business—I'll lose my Hazel as maid and will look like a refugee, but I'll gain a business partner. We are opening a shop in Beverly Hills—that takes time—separate banking account for the business, lawyers, papers, checks to sign, lots of work."

G. H.: "Sounds revolting! What are some of the obstacles you have encountered in Hollywood, Roz—I mean, if your little sister came out to go in pictures, what advice would you give her?"

R. R.: (aside) "The brain-work she gives 'em—answers to her questions are like reciting the Wickersham report by heart—oh, you wanted to know: I'd tell her not to be too eager. I was. You can't be too eager in Hollywood. I was in too much of a hurry, too impatient. Everyone advised me 'take your time.' It's the one thing I can't take. Maybe it's glandular. But it leads to heartache."

G. H.: "Give us one—one heartache, I mean."

R. R.: (aside) "—that's what I mean, the things she asks—the heart right out of your bosom, the ache right out of your heart—let me pick and choose among the lot—she doesn't think there have been a lot, it's in her eyes—well, I was working in a picture on loan out at Warners when I was notified that my next picture would be for M-G-M. I was crazy to do it. For nine days, while I was still at Warners, after working all day, or during my lunch hour, I tried on 13 changes of clothes every day of the nine. It was a part I wanted to do, horribly. I got home one pallid two a.m. in the morning, having completed the picture at Warners, prepared to be up at six a.m. in the morning, ready to start for M-G-M. I let myself in with my lonely little latch-key. A man was sitting in my front hall, his bowler on his knees. He said, 'You don't go into the picture, Rosalind, they—they have changed the cast.'"

G. H.: "Another damsel got it?"

R. R.: "Another damsel got it. And you take it here in Hollywood, that sort of thing. You're under contract. Helpless. It is like being under orders in the Army. Sealed orders. Secret and—unarguable. There is more discipline in Hollywood than people believe. Rigid discipline. This business of the stars shouting for their own sweet way belongs to mythology. The place is run like the Army or like Big Business."

G. H.: "Orson Welles said something else that intrigued me—something about no one who works in pictures getting any feeling of personal, individual satisfaction out of what they are doing, that everyone feels a sort of contempt for his work—"

R. R.: "That is ridiculous! People do have a sort of fear of not doing well—you have the same thing yourself, Gladys, when you write—you say 'oh, it's not any good, it isn't much'—so that if it does fizzle you won't have stuck your chin out, you won't seem terribly disappointed. We all have such bitter pills to swallow—we try to train ourselves to swallow them

and not make hideous faces while gulping—we're just saving face, that's all, when we seem to belittle what we do.

"I always approach a new picture nervously. I have sound-stage fright like crazy. I talk myself into thinking it won't be much good, and what of it? But if it is good, the sense of satisfaction drowns you. Prop boys pop corks. Producers—I once saw a producer who, after a preview, went outside and fainted, he was so glad it was a hit."

G. H.: "What are some of the things you've learned during your seven years in Hollywood, since Hollywood has been your tutor?"

R. R.: (aside) "The things she asks! There have been so many things, some big, some little. I'll tell you something I have learned, Gladys, and I certainly mean this: that there are some very fine, nice, grand, great people in this industry—when I came out here I was one of the tongue-in-the-cheek skeptics about Hollywood and Hollywood people. I gave it all the down-the-side-of-my-nose, I believed what I'd read, expected the razz-ma-tazz. This experience of mine, not signing again with M-G-M, made the final turnabout in my point of view, twisted its little neck around right—and straight. It was a big move for me. It could have been horribly unpleasant. And wasn't. There were no threats, none of all the stuff you have read. On my word. And it is astonishing. My mouth is still four feet open. I tell you, if anybody pans this business to me, I'll fry him in bacon fat. When I told them I would prefer to free lance, they tried to have me stay. I said, 'I have to tell you I am going to leave! . . . ' There was the time for the axe to fall, the black-list, the blackball, the Black Maria, the black-out. They said they hoped I would be very happy, would get all the things I want, all the happiness and satisfaction I deserve—they gave other producers the go-ahead to talk business to me even before I had legally" (I believe 'legally' was the word she used) "finished my stint with them. I still had 'The Feminine Touch' to make for them. I nearly cried on their composite necks. You know, it is like a factory spending a fortune to build up and merchandise a brand of soup, then losing it to a competitor."

G. H.: "You spoke of patterns—everyone being part of the Hollywood pattern—like Boyer, the Lover; Gable, the He-man; Garbo, the Mystery Woman; Bogart, the Baddie; Hedy, the Glamor Girl—is that what you meant?—oh, it isn't. Well, anyway, what part do you play in the pattern? How do you see yourself?"

R. R.: (she gave what sounded like the razzberry) "I see myself as the girl from Waterbury, Connecticut, trying to make a living. That's all I ever have been. In addition, I see circles under my eyes—when I look—put there when I go to New York, stay up too late. But I don't do any peeking like that. I never think about myself, like that, off the screen. Haven't time. Besides, if you pick a pattern for yourself, you become a phony in 20 seconds. I couldn't bear being a phony, even for 10 seconds. It would be too much work. It would bother me. I am lazy that way. I have to work at being someone else on the screen. In between scenes, I rest up so I can work in the next scenes. The way I rest is being Russell from Waterbury."

G. H.: (she seemed to be sort of studying Miss R.) "But you are the Sophisticated Type . . ."

R. R.: "Come off it, you've seen me before, we've met! No one is the Sophisticated Type—all the time. No such thing as the Sophisticated Type or the Simple Type, all the time. We all react differently at different times. Emotional upsets and we're the Cry of the Broken Heart. Physi-



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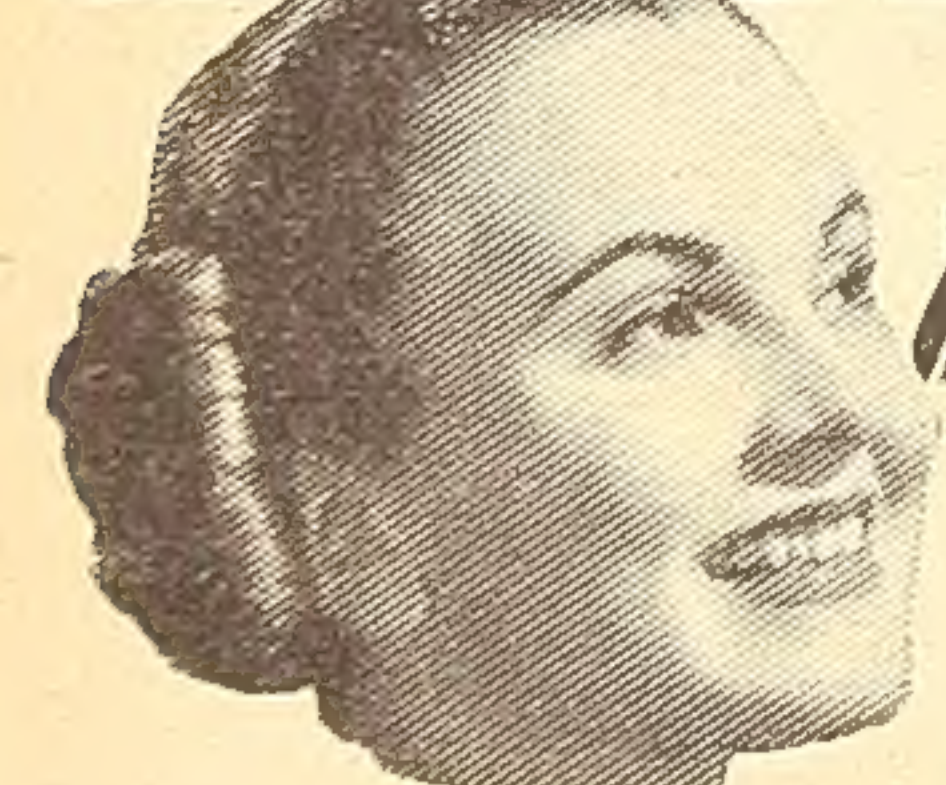
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cal upsets and we're human wreckage, waiting for radio commercials to tell us what to take. Mental upsets and we're the People's Choice for the Loony-Bin. A million and one things contribute to the personality, play on it like hands on the strings of a harp. That's why I don't want to play straight rôles. They not only bore me but I don't believe in them. I don't believe there *are* any such individuals. No one plays straight all the time. Can't. I want to get away from them—play toothless hags or horned harpies—any part I was half-way successful in was when I had something to cut my dainty teeth on."

G. H.: (I lost some words in here—Miss Russell and Miss Hall keep interrupting each other, cutting in, very hard to follow) "I read something you wrote about Clark Gable, a newspaper column, I think it was—about how he really IS 'Mr. Never-Forgets-A-Friend,' 'Mr. Rod-and-Gun,' etc.—were you being tactful or truthful?"

R. R.: "Remarkable achievement, that, I changed my tenses forty times a paragraph! It was truth, not tact. I haven't much of that commodity. Didn't you know? I always say the wrong thing, at the wrong time, do the wrong thing at the right time. Famous for it. Told truth about Clark—think it's remarkable he isn't spoiled rotten—much easier for men to be spoiled by popular adulation than women—comes natural to women to be flattered, made much of. Feminine birthright. So they can take it better. Harder for men. Gable has had a drastic dose and has fought through it beautifully—and unchanged. He does all the fishing, hunting, skeet-shooting he says he does, he wears the turtle-neck sweaters, he gives himself the laugh, he—"

G. H.: "No publicity about it, eh?"

R. R.: "Not an item. Take a look at his hands. I did. He never gets that oil off them. I loved working with him—he calls me 'Mom'—we had so many laughs on the set of 'Bombay' I used to come home with callouses on my cheeks—kidded him all day long—called him a ham, in front of visitors, too."

G. H.: "Would he kid back?"

R. R.: "—and VERY good at it. One day we were sitting in a car on location. Another car passed us, filled with women. They leaned out and gave it the 'Hello, Clark, give us a smile'—Gable gave with the smile, then to me, 'Ha, they didn't even see you, Russell, now will you re-sign with M-G-M? Have to, won't you, in self-defense?"

"Next day, on the set, a party of visitors arrived. I'd been hoping for that. I got the assistant director to coach them so that when Clark and I walked on the set they would all chorus 'Give us a smile, Rosalind,' pay no attention to him—they were troupers—they surrounded us in a body, chorused, 'Hello, Rosalind, give us a smile' and 'ooh, you're wonderful, you're our favorite movie star' and so on. Gable took it big for a couple of minutes, then caught on. 'That's the corniest dialogue I ever heard,' he hissed."

G. H.: "Are you making any other changes in plans, Roz, I mean, like getting married, or something?"

R. R.: "My plans at present are NOT to get married. How nicely you put things! As for 'something,' I may give up my house. I want to rent it, buy a new one, do a new one. Like doing houses. Fun. Anyway, if and when I marry, as Rumor persists in saying I am going to elope with Freddie Brisson, I have every intention of doing it in the most formal and conservative manner—engagement, announcement, showers, rice, the family present, bell and book and old shoes, etc. At the moment I have no plans of any sort."

G. H.: "Do you feel it's better for a gal in this business *not* to be married?"

R. R.: "It doesn't matter. Not to anyone. Not to the studio. Not to the Public. Not to the girl's career. In Suburbia, if a girl falls in love, she gets married. If she doesn't fall in love, she stays single. Ditto in Hollywood. As to whether I will fall in love come sunset, it's a wonder you haven't asked me that!"

G. H.: "If I had, you couldn't answer it anyway, could you?"

R. R.: "No."

G. H.: "Are you any more extravagant than you used to be when you first came to Hollywood? Remember, you used to kid about how you'd never be able to imagine yourself lying up there on the chaise-longue, surrounded by negligées, Pekingese, and 'decor' by Billy Haines!"

R. R.: "If you listened to Bob Montgomery you'd never call me extravagant. Bob's always kidding me about being the 'Hetty Green of Beverly Hills.' Called me up one week-end, asked me for dinner, said I couldn't go and he said, 'Bet I know what you're doing, you're down in your vault counting your money!'"

"Actually, I *am* a little bit more extravagant than I was, due to having more income. But I still possess three negligées, one lightweight, one mediumweight, one heavyweight—has to be someone really good around for me to dress up in the lightweight, too—I haven't a Peke and the 'decor' is by Russell. I still drive my own car. I have three fur capes—have bought one every two years: first skunk, then fisher, then mink, progressively."

G. H.: "But haven't you blown yourself to any one, big lush extravagance?"

R. R.: "Did I mention a *mink cape* or am I mistaken? Well, then, putting in my swimming pool was the most specific splash, shall we say—felt pretty self-conscious about doing it, too, although it is one of the smallest, looks like bird-bath. I'm still self-conscious about it—talked myself into it—every time I think of the cost, even now, I jump in whether there is water in it or not! I live in a small house. It limits me to small parties. My dining-room holds ten comfortably."

G. H.: "Speaking of marriage again—"

R. R.: "Why not, it's well thought of—"

G. H.: "—as I was trying to say, Carole Landis tells me she demands that any man she marries be at least fifteen years older than she, or—"

R. R.: (loud laugh) "Well, since the draft I have given up some of my demands—but I would NOT marry a man fifteen years older than I, nor ten years. I like older men very much—for conversation. But not for romance. Not as beaus. They are set in their habits. If they have been gay lads in their youth, they go un-gay on you. If they haven't been gay when young, they get into the forties, have the childish fear they have missed something and try to crowd ten years into one—either way, a girl loses. So, why should I want a man with all the routines and diets? I am not a creature of habit."

G. H.: "If I may get four words in edgewise, you don't like ruts?"

R. R.: "Ah, particularly not ruts—there are a few pleasant routines, I suppose, but no such thing as pleasant ruts—not in anything—work, play, love, food, life itself! I'll be the same at seventy. I'll match my energies with any man of fifty even then. I don't care whether I am on a cane and he is on a pogo stick, he MUST be young. Marriage, after all, must boil down to companionship. I am always the last one to bowl, the last one to leave a dance, never want to go home to bed, another round of golf, another set of tennis, another hand of gin rummy, another, another, *another!* After the last curtain goes down, Russell will be sitting out there, I bet, giving it a hand—I *always* want to stay, I *always* shall!"



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